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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 108, NO. 25 NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1943 NUMBER 1490

The Anti-Labor Act

After years of trying to get a bill through Congress which would cripple labor's economic and political activities, the reactionary coalition of Republicans and Tory Democrats has finally succeeded. They did it by taking advantage of the popular feeling about the coal strike, and they dressed the bill up in false eyebrows and a synthetic menacing scowl as an anti-Lewis measure. They call it popularly the "anti-strike bill" and formally the "War Labor Relations Act." As a matter of cold fact, it is neither. It will not stop strikes but is likely to encourage them. And if it does anything to wartime labor relations it will muddle them.

If the sponsors of the bill—Howard Smith of Virginia and Tom Connally of Texas—had been sincere about stopping strikes, they would have introduced a bill making mandatory a price roll-back by the OPA and providing it with funds for the necessary subsidies. And if they had been sincere about labor relations they also had a clear course of action. The only things wrong with trade unions today are the fringes of racketeering in some parts of the labor movement. This could be remedied by an act making periodic elections mandatory in all trade unions and providing for publicity of accounts. But the present act does neither. Its real purpose is revealed in the final provision outlawing all financial contributions by trade unions to election campaigns. This has no conceivable relation to either strikes or the maintenance of war production. But it betrays the real bias of the congressional coalition, which fears more than anything else labor's strength in liberal politics. Interestingly enough, there is no provision anywhere outlawing contributions by corporations and business firms. The act demands a firm presidential veto, and we hope Mr. Roosevelt will have acted before these words are read.

Why Labor Is Restless

We wish every government official in Washington could read the article by Victor H. Johnson beginning on page 824 of this issue. Some of Mr. Johnson's strictures seem to us too severe, but there is no doubt that he speaks for millions of American workingmen and that unless their deep sense of unjust treatment is removed, we are heading toward an explosion. Mr. Johnson's union has been a firm supporter of the New Deal. It is still loyal to the President personally, explaining that he does not realize what his subordinates are doing. To answer men who hold such an attitude with anti-strike legislation is both a crime and a blunder. These are voices that must—and will—be heard.

When Shall We Invade?

A week ago, the newspapers seemed sure that the invasion of Europe would begin at any moment. Then came the surrender of Pantelleria and the other Italian islands in the Mediterranean. But oddly enough, these victories were followed by less talk of immediate invasion, rather than more. An increasing number of persons began to speculate that perhaps Churchill really meant it when he suggested that it might be worth while to try to knock Germany out by aerial bombardment alone. Max Werner in his article in The New Republic last week and in his new book ("Attack Can Win in '43," Little, Brown, $1.75) has assembled

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1943, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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the arguments in favor of full-scale invasion at the earliest possible moment, carefully coördinated with the strategy of the Russian front. It is certainly possible that the leaders of the United Nations agree with Dr. Werner, and that one or several invasions may take place in the near future—perhaps before these lines are read. It is also possible, however, that they do not feel that they yet have enough men and equipment and that we shall see for several months no more than heavy bombing raids, commando landings in force and political attempts to divide the enemy, in Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria or elsewhere. No layman has the right to ask a general to invade before that general conscientiously believes that invasion is feasible. On the other hand, we do have the right to insist that political considerations shall not postpone invasion for one moment after it is practicable in a military sense. It has often been true that decisive action in a moment of crisis has produced victory that would otherwise have been delayed or impossible. This may be such a moment.

Japan and Russia

Relations between Russia and Japan have again got into the headlines. Once more, for the umpteenth time, there are ominous reports that Japan is about to attack Russia. Anything can happen in a global war, but this would be a most surprising development. General Yakhontoff pointed out in The New Republic some months ago that Japan has already bitten off more than she can chew. She wants time to assimilate and reorganize her existing empire; she doesn't want to take on another enemy, and especially one whom she fears as much as she does Russia. The notion that Japan will obey instructions from Hitler to go to war is nonsense. There is no evidence that at any time during the whole conflict Japan has done anything at Hitler's behest unless it happened to suit her own immediate policy.

The other suggestion, heard recently in China, is that pressure should be put on Russia to attack Japan, and one can well realize how desirable this may seem to the hard-pressed Chinese. However, General Yakhontoff in his article in this issue seems to us to dispose effectively of this suggestion. Russia has all she can do to hold Germany in the West. The fundamental strategy of crushing Hitler first is still the sound one. If he is destroyed, Japan's ultimate defeat is certain; if we were to concentrate in the Pacific now, Hitler might eventually win in Europe.

The Vatican's Neutrality

The speech of Pope Pius XII to a group of Italian workers is, to all appearances, an ordinary piece of papal editorializing. It is fine so long as it deals in generalities, but he is most vague just where he should be most concrete. The gist of the speech was that the salvation of the workers does not lie in violent social revolution but in evolution. With that there will be little quarrel today except among bitter-end advocates of "permanent revolution." But as to just how that evolution is to be achieved, the Pope offers little clue. One is forced to the surmise that the real meaning of the speech lies beneath the surface. We can pass by the unfortunate coincidence that the Pope's declaration against revolution, made to Italian workers, should have come right after President Roosevelt's press-conference appeal to the Italian masses to revolt against Mussolini. It is more important to surmise that the attack on social revolution was intended to reassure the conservatives who are alarmed at the reports of the *rapprochement* between the Vatican and the Soviet Union. The speech was also an attempt to meet Italian propaganda which accused the Vatican of having instigated what is now (for Italians) a hopeless war. The Pope might ideally have answered these charges by saying that the Church was on the side of anti-fascism and was willing to support an anti-fascist war. But that would not have been true. We reach here the tragic paradox of the Church. Its strength depends on its claims to spiritual leadership. Yet its political position in Italy and the context of power politics within which it operates have compelled it to assume a neutrality on all the moral issues that count in our life today. To be neutral as between fascism and democracy can scarcely be said to qualify anyone for spiritual leadership.

The Treasury and Taxes

The administration and Congress between them have succeeded in producing a new tax law which (a) is so complex that the taxpayers will have headaches over it for months and (b) fails to come anywhere near raising an adequate amount of revenue. So conspicuous is the failure of the Secretary of Treasury in dealing with an unusually bad and hostile Congress that a whole new start must be made, and responsibility for the program has been turned over to Economic Stabilizer Byrnes. Even with the best of luck, however, it will be next to impossible now to obtain a new measure which can go into effect before January 1, 1944. As a result, taxes would have to be raised $30,000,000,000 in order to obtain the extra $16,000,000,000 asked by the President for the fiscal year (which ends June 30), to say nothing of closing the inflationary gap of more than $40,000,000,000.

The major mistakes made by the Treasury are three in number. First, Secretary Morgenthau prevented the recommendation of compulsory loans last January. Second, the decision not to outline a specific tax program to Congress left that body to muddle into its present confusion. Third, the negative attitude of the Treasury in concentrating its fire on the Ruml plan was a large factor in the delay. Congress became so involved in the squabble about how to get on a current-payment basis that nothing broader could be accomplished.

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Gasoline for Politicians

J. Millard Tawes is Controller for the State of Maryland. A few weeks ago he decided to go by automobile to the state of Georgia to attend the wedding of his son, and he did this in a state-owned automobile. This fact came to the attention of Rives Matthews, editor of The News, of Somerset, Maryland, and he printed it. Thereupon the whole machinery of the state of Maryland was set in motion—to punish Mr. Tawes for his disgraceful and illegal procedure? Not at all; to slap down Mr. Matthews. The state OPA hastily whitewashed Mr. Tawes. The state attorney, Prentiss W. Evans, issued a warrant for criminal libel against Mr. Matthews, and he was arrested by an officer who tried to prevent him from notifying anybody of the fact. In short, the politicians stood together in defense of one of their own number.

Luckily, Mr. Matthews is a stubborn fighter. He got the attention of other newspapers throughout the country, and they raised such a storm that they could not be ignored. The state OPA has now given Mr. Tawes a light tap on the wrist; his gasoline ration books were suspended but he can apply immediately for a new one for official driving. It would be interesting to know how many more officials there are throughout the United States who misuse their positions as Mr. Tawes did, but don't happen to get caught.

Whipsawed at Shipsaw

One of the curious transactions of the war has to do with the Shipshaw Plant of the Aluminum Company. This is a vast project on the Saguenay River in Canada which is being built with funds from several governments including the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Jesse Jones, two years ago and in secret, loaned $68,500,000 from funds of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Great Britain has put in about $55,600,000 and Canada has agreed in advance to forgive $170,000,000 in excess-profits taxes.

The United States is lending its money without interest. The British, according to a summary of the situation in The New York Post, are getting three percent for theirs. We are to be paid back in aluminum, at a rate of 15 cents a pound for aluminum to be used at home and 17 cents for Lend-Lease. The agreement ends December 31, 1945, and if the war should be over before that, and the need for aluminum should dwindle enormously, our government would just be out of luck. In any case, the plant will eventually be the property of Aluminum, Ltd., of Canada, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America. It will be free and clear of any fixed charges, unlike the publicly owned plants in the United States with which it might compete. It will be entirely out of our control as to wages, hours and working conditions.

This vast demonstration of private ownership in the St. Lawrence Basin will give a black eye to public ownership in the same area. It might easily sound the death knell of the entire St. Lawrence Waterway project, which includes publicly owned power and a deep-water channel to the Great Lakes.

Aluminum at present is made from bauxite, though government scientists believe there are now better processes. There is no bauxite in Canada; it must all be shipped in. But there is bauxite in Arkansas, quite near to large publicly owned power projects. As a matter of fact, the government has been withholding materials that are badly needed to complete big public-power projects in the United States, while giving a high priority on material to go to Shipshaw. Rep. John M. Coffee (D.) of Washington has demanded a congressional investigation of this aspect of the matter. We think it might be well to investigate the whole thing.

Post-War Planning for Discrimination

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York City is planning to build a large housing project, Stuyvesant Town, from which Negroes are to be excluded. The insurance company is prepared to invest $15,000,000 in the project; the New York Board of Estimate, voting 11 to 5, said go ahead. The matter would appear to end there.

But it does not end there. It is a question of national—even of international—importance, because the housing project will be built after the war, and must therefore be regarded as a part of our plans for the post-war world. In effect, Mayor LaGuardia, who endorsed the project, and the New York Board of Estimate, which voted for it, have gone on record as approving racial discrimination.

Fortunately, a technical hitch developed. The City Charter requires that in actions involving the grant of rights to private corporations for the use of city-street properties, a three-fourths-majority vote is necessary for validation. The Board of Estimate's vote was one short of the required number. Accordingly, the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League is seeking a court order to

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Meeting of the Board of Strategy

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halt the project on the ground that failure to obtain the required majority has made the housing contract invalid. We hope the project will be quashed—not only because it sets a dangerous precedent and wastes a lot of money on a middle-class development when the lower-income groups are in greater need of housing facilities, but because of the reflection on a great city.

An Odd Choice

War Mobilization Director Byrnes's announcement that he was not a candidate for the vice-presidency in 1944 overshadowed a number of other important points brought out at that same press conference last week. Byrnes's announcement that Fred Searls, "former WPB consultant," was to be a member of his skeleton war-mobilization staff signified defeat for those who had been rooting for the appointment of Charles E. Wilson, Deputy WPB Director in charge of production, to the production job for the OWM.

Fred Searls is one of the last men who would have been chosen by those who favor a strong, unified civilian control of production matters. When Ferdinand Eberstadt was enjoying his brief ascendency at the WPB, representing the army's and especially General Somervell's point of view within the WPB on questions of procurement, allocations and scheduling, Fred Searls served as one of his right-hand men. Searls headed the important Facilities Review Bureau until he was forced out of the WPB along with Eberstadt when Wilson won his fight for civilian control of production. This is the man Byrnes has now selected for perhaps the major production post in the OWM.

Whom Do the Republicans Want?

Old Guard Republicans are pushing their campaign to eliminate Wendell Willkie from the running for the Republican nomination for the presidency in 1944. Now comes Rep. Low E. Allen of Illinois with the results of a poll he says he made of 180 of the 207 Republican Representatives in the House as to their choice for the nomination. The results are, to say the least, enlightening: Governor Dewey, 51; General MacArthur, 33; Governor Bricker, 32; Wendell Willkie, 13; Senator Taft, 11; Rep. Joseph W. Martin, 9; ex-Governor Stassen, 6; ex-President Hoover, 5; Senator Vandenberg, 4; Governor Dwight Green, 3; Senator Lodge, 2; and Senators McNary, Brooks and Byrd, Representative Wadsworth and Jim Farley, one each.

Adding up the votes for Willkie, Stassen, Senator McNary and Representative Wadsworth, this makes 21 out of 180 votes for a more or less liberal nominee. If Representative Allen is not fooling about this poll, and if this is how our Republican Representatives really stand, it would appear high time for the mass of Republican voters to give some thought to getting a new crop of nominees for Congress. As for the votes for Jim Farley and Senator Byrd, we should have thought that the Republicans had plenty of similar characters of their own without raiding the Democratic preserves.

Hitler Cheats Himself

A grant of money by the International Education Board to the University of Göttingen in 1926 enabled that institution to strengthen its equipment so that it became the world's chief center for advanced study in mathematics and physics. Then the Nazis came to Göttingen. By 1939 only one of the original faculty remained active there. "If Hitler had set out, with benevolent intent, to build up America as the world's greatest mathematical center," observes Raymond B. Fosdick in his annual Rockefeller Foundation report, "he could hardly have achieved more successfully the result which his ruthlessness has accomplished." In the past decade 131 leading European mathematicians have migrated to the United States. Of these, sixteen are from Göttingen's brilliant faculty. American artillery fire is more accurate today because of work they have done here. Our post-war industry will be stronger and our civilization finer because of the universal law that intolerance cheats itself.

Prices, Wages and Taxes

THE ANTI-STRIKE LEGISLATION which may have become the law by the time this editorial appears cannot stop men from leaving work in a body and staying out until their resources are exhausted, if they wish to do so. It is framed on the assumption that strikes are the work of union leaders, and that by penalizing the organizations or their officials, stoppages of work can be prevented. This may occasionally be true, but not usually. Most of the recent strikes have resulted from genuine unrest among the rank and file.

Industrial workers are becoming more and more angry and resentful. The remedy lies not in trying to forbid expression of this feeling but in removing the causes for it. It lies within the power of Congress to do this, not by anti-strike legislation, but by attending to its own business of equitable and adequate taxation to halt the rising cost of living. Without this attention to fundamentals, strikes are bound to increase, for during a period of acute labor shortage the workers have greater power; they know they have this power; and they will use it in causes that they believe are justified.

It is an almost axiomatic article of belief among wage-earners that when the cost of living rises, they are entitled to parallel wage increases. The attempt of the administration to hold the line on wages flies in the face of this principle as long as the roll-back of prices is unsuccessful. Neither rationing nor price control as practised by the OPA can prevent prices from rising as long as the consuming public has much more money than is sufficient to buy the goods available for sale to

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them at existing prices. In these circumstances there are bound to be black markets, and scarcities of commodities at the controlled prices. The whole process is a vicious circle which no price-control machinery—even a much better one than we have—could be expected to cope with.

It would be possible to say to the workers—as indeed has many times been said—that higher wages will do them no good in the long run, since higher wages will not increase the supply of commodities available for their consumption, but will merely increase the prices of those commodities. It is up to everybody to sacrifice goods because we are devoting our main effort to war production. Labor is doing no more than is necessary if by forgoing wage increases while the shortage exists it goes without things it could normally expect to buy. This would be a tough doctrine to accept in any case, but labor now has too good an answer. Who besides labor is doing any serious sacrificing? Not the farmers, despite their hard work, for their incomes are higher than for years. Not business, which is making large profits and, in spite of excess-profits taxation, is acquiring immense new investments in plants and great reserves for post-war eventualities. It is easy for labor to believe that it is being made the goat.

Congress has the remedy in its own hands, if it will follow the advice of the President to raise at least sixteen billion dollars more in taxes and will also pass legislation for compulsory loans. If the inflationary gap is closed, it may be possible to halt the rise in the cost of living and so to remove the main impulse for demanding wage increases. If it is closed in part by taxation on a fair progressive basis, labor will lose its moral argument that those with higher incomes are not required to do much sacrificing of the real necessities of life. If in addition there is an adequate program of compulsory loans, the surplus buying power which wage-earners themselves are receiving can be removed from the markets for goods and devoted to war purposes, without depriving the workers of the sense that they are being paid (in money) what they are entitled to receive.

With such a program behind him, the President could tell union members that the production program for war does not allow the consumers as much as they have been accustomed to; that any additional money gains incident to the war will be illusory unless they are laid aside by the individual for post-war use; that such gains will be shared fairly; but that the compulsory-loan program is a way of making sure that all lay aside their share, for their own good and that of the nation. Unions themselves have suggested that wage increases to which they believe they are entitled be paid in government bonds. With compulsory loans, this suggestion could be universally applied, and its universal application would be the most powerful aid possible to the stabilization of living costs.

Victory in the Garden

LATE JUNE is the dangerous age for 20,000,000 American victory gardens. After surviving an early period of frost and flood, the summer crops are growing almost but not quite like weeds, and the gardeners are getting ready to enjoy the first fruits of their labors.

At this moment all the pests of the vegetable kingdom descend on them together—aphids, bean beetles, cutworms, downy mildew, earworms, flea beetles, green cabbage worms, cornworms—the whole alphabet of horrors from anthracnose down to wireworms, xylophagous insects, cabbage yellows and the zucchini vine borers. The gardeners repel the invasion with sprays, dust and poison baits, but meanwhile they are forced to neglect their hoeing; and they find one afternoon that everything has been taken over by weeds as a permanent army of occupation. Sometimes, looking at an overgrown patch of beans they are tempted to take down the fence and leave their crops to be harvested by the woodchucks.

But we expect them to recover from this Munich mood of despair, isolation and appeasement. A few more blasts from the dusting gun, a few more strokes of the hoe, and the worst of the battle will be over; there will be nothing more to do except mop up the stragglers. With dry weather in July, the weeds will be slower to sprout and the pests will be easier to control. The garden will be a spot of order in a chaotic world. In August comes the time when you can pick a market-basketful of produce every morning before breakfast.

In September tomatoes will be gathered and put away in the pantry, and the neighbors will be invited in to taste some especially fine melons. September is the month of victory in the garden—and, we hope, of victory other places too.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Managing Editor: THOMAS SANCTON

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY

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Should Russia Attack Japan?

THERE WAS A TIME when some people expected Germany and Japan to coöperate in an attack on Soviet Russia. So far, events have proved how utterly wrong the prophets were. But it is still not clear why the Anti-Comintern Pact failed to produce what some people thought it was intended to achieve. Why did Hitler advise Matsuoka to sign the Neutrality Pact with Moscow only a few weeks before he, himself, started the war against Russia? Was this a blunder of the Führer?

German-Russian Relations. – In discussing German policies toward Russia, one has to remember that these policies have always fluctuated between attitudes of cooperation and hostility. At Brest-Litovsk the German Junkers, imposing most severe terms on their Eastern neighbor, expected to take advantage of the Revolution. But the Revolution proved to be their own doom; it hastened their own downfall. In 1922, at Rapallo, the two "outcasts" joined hands. By the Treaty of Berlin, in 1926, they came even closer one to another, in spite of what was planned at Locarno.

Hitler's advent to power naturally brought on a further change. ("Mein Kampf" made it clear that Hitler did not believe in coöperation with the Soviet Union.) In this respect he was in disagreement with Haushofer, who advocated understanding and coöperation with Russia, Soviet or otherwise.

Japan as a Factor in the Russo-German Relations. – In the past, as we know, Japan played a definite role in Russo-German relations. Kaiser William II, who coined the phrase "Yellow Peril," encouraged his cousin, Nicky, to take certain dangerous steps, which brought about the Russo-Japanese War. On the other hand, the outcome of that war produced a change in international relations. Russia and Japan aligned themselves with other powers against Germany in the First World War. The erstwhile adversaries, Russia and Japan, were not only reconciled, but by 1916 had become allies. That alliance was directed against any possible encroachment into their "spheres of influence" in Manchuria and Mongolia, and clearly singled out America as the potential foe.

The Revolution of 1917 annulled that alliance. Russia emerged neither a party to any combination against the USA, nor an ally of Nippon. Tokyo refused to recognize the new regime created by the October Revolution and made an attempt to crush it. Germany, at this time, was not a partner of Japan.

But since Hitler came to power Japan has again become a factor in the German policy *vis-a-vis* Russia. The Anti-Comintern Pact of 1936 offered tangible proof of this. Once more this was contrary to the ideas of Haushofer. The latter, in his book "Dai Nihon" (1913), developed his ideas on the future of the "Country of the Rising Sun" to the effect that her southward expansion would be natural and beneficial, while any adventures on the mainland of Asia, whether against Russia or China, would be harmful. He wanted Russia and Japan to coöperate with Germany, and advocated the establishment of "a Eurasian block from the Rhine to the Amur and the Yangtse."

When Hitler decided to sign the Anti-Comintern Pact, Haushofer found justification for the Führer's decision. His "Zeitschrift für Geopolitik" started a campaign against the USSR. But soon something obviously unexpected took place. Japan was badly beaten by the Red Army at Changkufeng (1938) and still worse at Nomongan (1939). These reverses of Nippon, apparently, spoiled the plans for a simultaneous attack on Russia by Germany from the west and by Japan from the east (if such an attack were seriously contemplated).

By that time Herr Hitler's European affairs were not developing exactly according to plan. He had to make decisions in a hurry. Japan proved to be weaker than he had thought. Her performances on the Russian fronts, quite likely, disappointed the author of "Mein Kampf." In August, 1939, he turned his back on Nippon, signing the Non-Aggression Pact with their potential common victim, Russia.

Obviously, the Japanese war lords were furious. For a while German-Japanese relations became very cool. Eventually the two countries were reconciled.

The Russo-Japanese Neutrality Pact. – But Russo-Japanese relations, in the meantime, were also showing considerable improvement. Immediately after the shocking news of Hitler's accord with Moscow reached Tokyo, the latter sought to stop its quarrel with the Russians. Two weeks after the outbreak of war in Europe, Russia and Japan agreed on an armistice. Soon a peace treaty was signed. Tatekawa was sent to Moscow to work for friendship. Next year Matsuoka (of Manchukuo and Geneva fame) went to Russia as a special envoy seeking rapprochement.

On this trip Matsuoka visited his Axis partners, too. While in Berlin, he was regaled with demonstrations of the restored friendship between his country and Germany. Hitler appeared to be most obliging. The Japanese envoy even obtained the Führer's approval for his plan to sign a pact with the Russians. It seems that the agreement, concluded by Matsuoka at Moscow, was not exactly what he wanted. If so, the pact also

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was not what Hitler would approve in advance. But, the important fact is that a Russo-Japanese Neutrality Pact was signed and ratified on April 13, 1941.

Moscow and Tokyo agreed to remain neutral in the event that either signatory became involved in war. This meant, of course, that Japan, officially, was no longer a menace to the USSR. But, at the same time, it meant that Germany had lost an ally in the east in case of a war against Russia. Was it really a blunder on the part of Hitler? Or was it an indication that he had decided to follow Haushofer's advice in keeping Japan from another adventure in Asia? Or, possibly, was the resolute position taken by Japan an indication that she was already contemplating her southward advance? One way or another, Japan withdrew from the plan of a joint attack on the Soviet Union.

Whatever the case, Hitler acted in the belief that Haushofer's scheme for Germany, Russia and Japan to join hands was impracticable. Hitler had long since decided that coöperation with the Soviet Union was out of the question. He knew better than most of the critics of the Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact of 1939 that there was no basis for amity or even cooperation between the two countries.

Is there anybody, who, knowing the facts, would seriously dispute that the pact of 1939 was a matter of mutual expediency and nothing more? That "puzzle" seems to be solved. But what about the Neutrality Pact between Moscow and Tokyo? This is another matter.

The Importance of Russia's Neutrality in the Orient.—We all remember how, immediately after Pearl Harbor, the question was asked (and sometimes angrily), "Why doesn't Russia attack Japan?" To be sure, even now we hear the same question, in spite of the emphatic declaration made soon after December 7, 1941, by the President and Winston Churchill that *it is not in the interests of the United Nations to see Russia involved in a war with Japan, while she is doing so marvelously well on the other side, fighting our most formidable enemy, Hitler.*

It is still against our interests to weaken Russia on the European front by burdening her with another war in the Orient. *The only correct answer to the query: "Should Russia go to war with Japan now?" is an emphatic No.* This answer is based on sober consideration of the war situation as a whole.

Even if this is rather well understood, there remains another question that one hears quite often: "Why doesn't Russia allow us to use her Far Eastern naval and air bases against Japan?" To anyone familiar with international law, this question sounds strange. If Russia were to accommodate us in this way, she would immediately, automatically, become involved in a war with Japan, which is admitted to be contrary to our interests. The Neutrality Pact between Russia and Japan is in force, and it is neither in our own nor in Russia's interest to break it.

In connection with this fact it may be useful to note that the noisiest advocates of Russia's immediate participation in the war against Japan are those who, only a short time ago, were telling us that the USSR was hopelessly weak and unable to defend herself in case of attack. Strangely enough, they now demand that in addition to taking care of Hitler (almost alone) the "Reds" should take care of Japan as well. These people do not acknowledge the most emphatic declaration of our leaders that at present Russia should be left neutral in Asia.

Russia and China.—What Russia will do in the Far East will depend, to a large extent, on what her allies do—for, since Russia is not alone in this war, her plans cannot be considered in isolation. There are, however, a few questions about Russia's Far Eastern policy which can be answered without hesitation. For instance, "Has Russia any territorial ambitions at the expense of China?" Certainly none whatsoever. What is Russia's attitude toward China in this war? Benevolent neutrality. It was Madam Chiang Kai-shek who made the statement that Russia has helped China in this war more than all the other nations combined. Since Hitler's attack, Russia, needing all of her resources and war production, has nevertheless shipped China whatever she could spare—and it seems that even now her help to China continues to be the largest of all. This is neither a commercial arrangement, for Moscow allows the most generous terms and does not demand immediate payment, nor is it a scheme to force compensation afterwards. Moscow, furthermore, made it quite clear to Japan that whatever their mutual relations, Russia will continue to supply China—and Tokyo accepted this without great ado; for she can hardly afford to quarrel with Moscow.

Another important point in Russia's policy *vis-a-vis* China is that whatever shipments come to China go directly to Chungking. In other words, Russia ships nothing to the Chinese communists, thereby avoiding friction with the Central Government, and the suspicion that she would like to interfere in Chinese internal affairs.

Coöperation with Whom?—Not long ago, when Moscow renewed the fisheries agreement with Tokyo, a matter of routine, and of no importance whatsoever, there were many who declared that by allowing the Japanese to continue fishing in Russian waters, Moscow made it possible for the Japanese to acquire Soviet weather reports, which, in turn, meant aiding Japanese operations against the United States. They had forgotten that the Japanese were on our own Aleutians.

It was, perhaps, difficult for a layman to realize that the Japanese right to use Russian fisheries was

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nothing more than an old privilege granted by the Portsmouth Treaty of 1905. Apparently few people realize how petty is the matter of fisheries as compared with the continuation of free passage for Russian ships from the Russian Far East to our Pacific Coast and back, unmolested by the Japanese.

A far more dangerous misrepresentation of Russia underlay the recent attempt to divert our forces into an immediate all-out attack against Japan. The argument that the "Japs First" group offered based itself on the contention that Russia, together with Britain, would leave us holding the bag, once the war in the West was concluded. Senator Chandler's recent speech was a poor contribution to inter-Allied unity, to say the least. It was well answered by Winston Churchill in his brilliant address before Congress, and by the comments of the more intelligent sections of the press. Walter Lippmann wrote recently:

> Senator Chandler had heard and was repeating odds and ends of military gossip and theorizing. But his views are such a mixture of truths, half-truths and misinformation that they cannot be the views of men who are really responsible for the over-all strategical decisions.

There is no reason to exaggerate the incident, but the recurrence of such attacks is contrary to the interests of the United Nations. An honest account of Russia's position is necessary for full understanding and coöperation among the partners in this war.

What Is the Russian Stand? – One should see quite clearly by now that the USSR is not only with us, but is earnestly serving the cause of defeating Hitler. If there were any need to confirm this, the dissolution of the Comintern offers proof.

Russia stands firmly by the agreements she makes. All that we have heard from Premier Stalin about the aims of the USSR in this war does not in any way conflict either with the Atlantic Charter or the Declaration of the United Nations signed on January 1, 1942.

In regard to the Far Eastern situation, one must remember the solidly established fact that there are no conflicts of interest between the peoples of the USSR and the United States. In the Far East their interests coincide even more than ever. If in the past the Tsar's government did not always accord good treatment to Americans trading in Eastern Asia, and even concluded an alliance with Japan directed against the USA; and if, on the other hand, certain American bankers financed Japan's war against Russia, the Russian revolution has changed the situation most drastically. There is nothing to justify any animosity between the USSR and the United States.

Russia is in earnest in her fight against fascism. She is in earnest in approving the Atlantic Charter, which has proclaimed that the signatories "desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned."

VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF

The Zoot-Suit Riots

On the evening of Thursday, June 3, the Alpine Club—a group made up of youngsters of Mexican descent—held a meeting in a police substation in Los Angeles. They met in the police station, at the invitation of an officer, because of the circumstance that the nearby public school happened to be closed. With a police officer present, they met to discuss their problems, foremost of which, at this meeting, was the urgent question of how best to preserve the peace in their locality. At the conclusion of the meeting, they were taken in squad cars to the street corner nearest the neighborhood in which most of them lived. The squad cars were scarcely out of sight, when the boys were assaulted. Thus began the recent week-end race riots in Los Angeles.

On the following nights of June 4, 5 and 6, various attacks were made upon so-called "zoot-suiters" in Los Angeles. These attacks reached a fine frenzy on Monday evening, June 7, when a mob of a thousand or more soldiers and sailors, with some civilians, set out to round up all zoot-suiters within reach. The mob pushed its way into every important down-town motion-picture theatre, ranged up and down the aisles, and grabbed Mexicans out of their seats. Mexicans and a few Negroes were taken into the streets, beaten, kicked around, their clothing torn. Mobs ranged the length of Main Street in downtown Los Angeles (a distance of some ten or twelve blocks), got as far into the Negro section as Twelfth and Central (just on the edge of the district), and then turned back through the Mexican sections on the east side. Zoot-suiters, so-called, were attacked in the streets, in the theatres, in the bars; street cars were stopped and searched for Mexicans; and boys as young as twelve and thirteen years of age were beaten. Perhaps not more than half the victims were actually wearing zoot-suits. In several cases on Main Street, in downtown Los Angeles, Mexicans were stripped of their clothes and left lying naked on the pavements(front-page pictures of these victims were gleefully displayed in such sedate sheets as The Los Angeles Times). During all of this uproar, both regular and special police were observed in the streets, outside the theatres, and, in some cases, they were even noted going ahead of the mob. That there was going to be trouble on Main Street on Monday night was known throughout the community for at

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least twenty-four hours in advance. Crowds collected there, in fact, in anticipation of the fracas. On the following nights the same type of rioting occurred on a smaller scale in Los Angeles, with similar disturbances in Pasadena, Long Beach and San Diego.

Immediate responsibility for the outbreak of the riots must be placed upon the Los Angeles press and the Los Angeles police. For more than a year now the press (and particularly the Hearst press) has been building up anti-Mexican sentiment in Los Angeles. Using the familiar Harlem "crime-wave" technique, the press has headlined every case in which a Mexican has been arrested, featured photographs of Mexicans dressed in "zoot-suits," checked back over the criminal records to "prove" that there has been an increase in Mexican "crime" and constantly needled the police to make more arrests. This campaign reached such a pitch, during the Sleepy Lagoon case in August, 1942, that the OWI sent a representative to Los Angeles to reason with the publishers. The press was most obliging: it dropped the word "Mexican" and began to feature "zoot-suit." The constant repetition of the phrase "zoot-suit," coupled with Mexican names and pictures of Mexicans, had the effect of convincing the public that all Mexicans were zoot-suiters and all zoot-suiters were criminals; ergo, all Mexicans were criminals. On Sunday night and Monday morning (June 6 and 7) stories appeared in the press warning that an armed mob of five hundred zoot-suiters were going to engage in acts of retaliation Monday night (thus ensuring a good turn-out for the show that evening).

At the time of the Sleepy Lagoon case last year, the police launched a campaign, which coincided perfectly with the newspaper campaign, against "Mexican crime." Almost on the eve of a speech by Vice President Wallace in Los Angeles on the good-neighbor policy, police arrested more than 300 Mexican youngsters in what The Los Angeles Times referred to as "the biggest roundup since prohibition days." At about this time, Captain Ayres of the Sheriff's office submitted a report to the Grand Jury in which he characterized the Mexican as being "biologically" predisposed toward criminal behavior. For more than a year this campaign of police terrorization has continued. Prowl cars have been cruising through the Mexican section constantly; youngsters have been ordered off the streets and "frisked" whenever two or more have been found together; and persistent complaints of police brutality have issued from both the Mexican and Negro communities. There are, of course, some fine officers on the force—men who know and understand the problem. To some extent, also, the police have been goaded into the use of repressive measures by the press and by the race baiting of some local officials. The manner in which the problem of the Japanese evacués has been kept before the public, for example, has had a tendency to make people race-conscious. Nor have some local officials yet changed their attitudes. "Mayor Pledges Two-Fisted Action, No Wrist Slap," reads a headline in The Los Angeles Examiner (June 10). At the same time, the attitude of certain military officials has, also, been rather shocking.

The "official version" of the riots, adopted by all the major newspapers, is now as follows: the soldiers and sailors acted in self-defense and, most emphatically, there was no element of race prejudice involved ("Zoot-Suit Gangsters Plan War on Navy"—headline, The Los Angeles Daily News, June 8, 1943). This theory is desperately repeated, despite the fact that *only Mexicans and Negroes* were singled out for attack. As for prejudice against *Mexicans*—from whom we acquired so many elements of our "culture"—why, the very suggestion of such a thought would seem to be abhorrent to the post-riot conscience of every publisher in Los Angeles. In fact, the fanciest journalistic double-talk that I have seen in the Los Angeles press during a residence of twenty-one years, appeared in the editorials of June 11.

Several facts need to be rather dogmatically asserted:

1. There are no "zoot-suit" gangs in Los Angeles in the criminal sense of the word "gang." The *pachuco* "gangs" are loosely organized neighborhood or geographical groups; they are not tied together into an "organization." Many of them are, in effect, nothing more than boys' clubs without a clubhouse.

2. Juvenile delinquency has increased in Los Angeles since the war, but while delinquency among Mexican youth has risen as part of this general situation, it has actually increased less than that of other ethnic groups and less than the citywide average for all groups.

3. Much of the miscellaneous crime that the newspapers have been shouting about has been committed, not by youngsters, but by men.

4. While individual Mexicans may, in a few cases, have attacked soldiers and sailors (and, incidentally, the reverse of this proposition is true), it is merely the craziest nonsense to suggest that the soldiers and sailors were driven to mob violence in self-defense.

5. It should be kept in mind that about 98 percent of Mexican youth in Los Angeles is American-born, American-raised, American-educated. Like most second-generation immigrant groups, they have their special problems. But their actual record for law observance is, all thing considered, exceptionally good.

While the riots have now subsided (business has been complaining about the cancellation of military leaves), the situation itself has not been corrected. In the absence of a full and open investigation, the public has been left with the general impression (a) that the soldiers and sailors acted in self-defense; and (b) that, all things considered, the riots were "wholesome" and had a "good effect." Resentment of the riots in the

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Mexican and Negro communities has reached an intensity and bitterness that could not be exaggerated. While Governor Warren promptly appointed an investigating committee, it is painfully apparent that the committee intends to "report" and not to investigate.

Not only should there be a full federal investigation, particularly of the charges made by the Mexican consul and other individuals and groups, but there are additional avenues of inquiry that should be explored. What role the local Sinarquistas, Mexican Catholic-fascist organization, have played in the entire situation during the last year, I do not know. But I do know that the Special War Policies Unit of the Department of Justice completed an elaborate investigation of the local Sinarquistas months ago. I am told that nothing has been done to put the recommendations of this report into effect because of objections raised by the State Department. Since there can be no doubt whatever that the Sinarquistas are a fascist group, why not make the report public? And why not prod the Los Angeles office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs into at least the semblance of activity?

After months of persuasion, the Coördinator finally opened an office in Los Angeles some months ago. One of his first acts was to appoint a committee of twenty-five citizens to administer a fund which has been granted them for the ostensible purpose of "doing something about the local Mexican problem." The Coördinator was so anxious that only the "right people" serve on the committee that he appointed a former president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce as its chairman, virtually permitted this gentleman to hand-pick the committee, and neglected to appoint a single Latin American. During the events of the last week, the committee has maintained a silence in keeping with the theory of the local representative of Mr. Rockefeller's office that the riots were not "race riots" at all, but merely disputes between two groups of American citizens (one group being white, one group being dark)—see The Los Angeles Examiner, June 10, 1943, Part 1, page 9. I am reliably informed that the Coördinator has worked out an arrangement with the State Department as follows: the State Department will make no objections to a program in aid of local Latin American groups, provided (a) that these programs are kept on a "cultural" level (no social-action programs will be approved); and (b) that the Coördinator will turn these projects over to the Cultural Division of the State Department as rapidly as possible. In furtherance of this arrangement, I am also informed that Mr. Rockefeller has given his valuable support to the request of the Cultural Division of the State Department for a greatly increased budget.

It requires no imagination to appreciate the consequences of these riots. According to the United Press (June 11), "Radio Tokyo yesterday seized upon the Los Angeles disorders." The exploitation of the riots by Axis propagandists, however, is only part of the story. One township alone, on the east side of Los Angeles, has provided 2,700 men of Mexican descent who are now serving in the armed forces. These men have families living on the east side. If space permitted, I should like to quote what a young army sergeant—of Mexican descent—said to me recently about the riots. It would make excellent copy.

Los Angeles CAREY MC WILLIAMS

Where the War Is Being Won

THIS WAR IS BEING WON for many reasons; but any list of the most important ones would certainly include high-octane gasoline, synthetic rubber and high explosives. High-octane gasoline helps to explain our wonderfully good record in the air. Synthetic rubber has filled the gap left by the loss of the natural product from Malaya; if we had not had it, we should probably have been forced to surrender to the Axis before this. The importance of high explosives speaks for itself.

By a coincidence, all three of these important new products can be obtained from the same raw materials; in many places in the United States they are being turned out side by side. I thought it would be interesting to go and look at one such area, and I did so. The particular place I saw is mostly being operated, and is partly owned, by the Standard Oil Company of Louisiana, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). It lies just outside Baton Rouge, on the east bank of the Mississippi, in what is now the most important spot on earth for turning petroleum into the products mentioned above.

Several bitter public controversies are now raging around various parts of this program; into these controversies I do not propose to enter here. Some people believe that synthetic rubber should be made from starchy farm products like corn or potatoes, instead of petroleum. Others consider that we are putting too much emphasis on gasoline-propelled aircraft and ought to develop other types, such as Diesel engines. Several hundred thousand tons of our annual production of synthetic rubber are in fact to be made from grain alcohol, and important plants are already in operation doing this work. At present however most of the rubber actually being produced comes from petroleum, and all our best planes are using high-octane gasoline. I propose to describe what is, without reference to what might or ought to be.

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We might begin with a brief catechism to give you a little of the background.

Are we producing enough synthetic rubber for essential military means? Yes, just barely. The needs are growing every day, and the building of new plants does no more than keep pace.

When will civilians get new tires? Broadly speaking, not before the autumn of 1944. This year there will be one new tire for each two automobiles, on the average; they will of course go only to those who are doing the most important war work. Of these tires about half will come from new synthetic rubber, and the other half from stockpiles. Next year the number of tires available will be perhaps twice as large.

Many people today are committing "automobile suicide." At the present rate, their tires will be entirely gone months and perhaps years before they can get any new ones.

Is there enough high-octane gasoline? No, not nearly. But we are supplying the needs of our actual combat forces, in all parts of the world, and there should be plenty within another few months to meet the demand.

Have the Japs and Germans gasoline as good as ours? Details suppressed by censor, but one can say that they certainly haven't gasoline any better than ours and consistently our planes are outperforming those of the Axis in practically every category in every part of the world.

Will synthetic rubber be cheaper than natural rubber after the war? It's too early to answer this question. At the present stage of development, synthetic rubber is far more expensive than the natural product. But the price of synthetic is steadily coming down; it should soon be cut by two-thirds from the present level. And of course nobody knows what new and improved processes may be developed. Anyhow, unit cost is not the only factor. Synthetic rubber at 15 cents a pound which lasted three times as long would be a better bargain than natural rubber at 7 cents a pound. (This illustration is purely hypothetical.)

Is synthetic rubber as good as the natural product? Broadly speaking, yes. There are dozens of different kinds of synthetic rubber which have special qualities that were planned in advance, some of them far superior to natural rubber for the special purpose. For ordinary passenger car, tires of synthetic with only one or two percent of tree rubber are now entirely satisfactory; big, heavy tires for trucks still need a somewhat larger admixture of the natural product. After the war, you may expect tires that will outlast the car itself. Incidentally, they should need to be inflated only once a year.

Will high-octane gasoline be used in automobiles after the war? Yes, though not necessarily the airplane type. You can be certain, however, that eventually, after a few years' development, you will have a smaller, lighter engine, with greater power and that you will get many more miles to the gallon.

How is the high-explosive program getting along? Naturally, this is a military secret; but you can be sure it is doing all right.

Any more questions? If not, let's see what the thing looks like in action.

II

It looks, in the first place, like nothing you have ever seen before. But you'll see it in the future. Scientists believe that the chemical industry is destined to expand enormously, to become the characteristic aspect of our civilization. It is hard to realize how young this sort of enterprise is. Though some aspects go back for decades, there are many important plants now in operation employing principles that were unknown a year ago today. And in spite of the effort to freeze technology long enough to get mass production in a hurry, experiment still goes on; new processes are being discovered almost from day to day. When enough of them have accumulated, of enough importance, still newer plants will be built, and the machinery that is now at work will be scrapped for obsolescence before its bright fresh paint is more than scarred. Standard Oil of New Jersey, for a single example, put in 8,500,000 man-hours of research on rubber and high-octane gasoline alone; comparable records were made by other companies, by government scientists, by college research laboratories and independent foundations. Work on the same scale is still going forward.

Industrial research goes by a series of steps from the small to the large. You begin with reactions in the laboratory, in a flask or a test tube. Then you go on to the same thing in hundred-gallon lots. A pilot plant is built, with a capacity of perhaps ten or twenty tons daily. All this is necessary because processes that work well in a test tube sometimes fail when applied to larger quantities. All sorts of "bugs" appear and have to be overcome. Probably never in history has there been such a quick and direct translation from laboratory research to large-scale production.

To make synthetic rubber and gasoline from oil you start with the crude that comes out of the ground. Scientists are not quite sure what is its original source, but they incline to the belief that it is decayed organic matter, probably the remains of minute marine animals deposited millions of years ago on areas which were then the floor of the sea. Crude oil has various components which have different chemical properties; for example, some of them have different boiling points. They can be separated from one another by controlled conditions of heat and pressure. The process sounds simple but in practice it gets quite complex; some of the components are treated several times in succession, are recombined, and so on.

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In recent times, oil refining has also used the principle of catalysis. A catalytic agent is one in whose presence, although it is itself unaffected, other chemicals undergo permanent changes. Virtually all the processes of making gasoline of any type, or synthetic rubber or any other petroleum product, consist of changing the molecular structure of the product, frequently several times in a row. For example, catalytic cracking breaks down and rearranges petroleum molecules; hydrogenation adds hydrogen molecules to an existing substance; dehydrogenation takes them away; alkylation successfully mixes several types of blending agents into a new substance; and so on.

A dramatic process employs what is called a fluid catalytic cracker. In it, oil in the process of refining is passed through a very fine powder which acts as the catalytic agent. It is termed a "fluid" process for the striking reason that the technicians discovered that a fine powder acts like a liquid, and can be pumped, piped and otherwise handled in exactly the same way. This may not seem important to the layman; but to the technologist it ranks as one of the important discoveries of modern times. Its possibilities when applied in other fields are large and exciting.

The fluid catalytic cracker was developed successfully a short time ago, in a small pilot plant. Nobody was sure whether it would work successfully at full scale; but Hitler and Tojo wouldn't wait. One man had to take the responsibility and decide to build fifty of these crackers at full size. If he had been wrong, the consequences would have been disastrous. He was right.

All the operations mentioned above, and many more, go on simultaneously in turning out the products with which we are here concerned. Crude oil is cooked, squeezed, cooled, reheated, subjected to catalysis and mixed with other products, some of which come from oil while others do not. In the making of one of the chief types of rubber the most important element is butadiene. At ordinary temperatures, this is a gas; it turns into a liquid only when held below the freezing point. It is startling to think that your tires in the future will consist mainly of a liquefied gas. In making rubber, approximately three parts of butadiene are mixed with one part of a liquid called styrene, which comes from coal. The mixing takes place in, of all things, soapy water, exactly like that in which you wash your dinner dishes. Thereupon the combination turns into a milky latex, similar to that of natural rubber. By chemical and mechanical means it is coagulated, filtered to get rid of excess liquid, and dried. The result is rubber.

Are you ready for a walk through the plant? First you must give up your matches; the very atmosphere is combustible here, and a smoker is likely to light a cigarette without being conscious of what he is doing, and certainly with no desire to blow himself and hundreds of other people to kingdom come.

Drive up in an automobile to the area, and you will witness a spectacle such as earth never afforded until a few months ago. Here is a long series of vast structures, buildings without walls or a roof, naked machinery exposed to the elements, mounting floor after floor in a riot of steel lace into the brilliant blue heavens of the semi-tropics. Walls are not needed in that mild climate; when it rains it just rains, and the work goes on. (There are of course facilities whereby the workers are protected from the elements.) Scattered among the new giants are scores of the other and more familiar storage tanks, shaped like a circus tent, and scores more of great metallic balls, like a close-tethered army of silvered balloons, which are used because a sphere is the best shape for a container of gas under high pressure.

The huge stable of gigantic machines gives off surprisingly little smoke or steam; most of the power is electric, and most of the operations are chemical. Look where you will, halfway round the horizon, you may see these giant portents of a new civilization standing quietly and doing their work to the accompaniment of a deep low hum like a million swarms of bees.

Very few men are needed in proportion to the gigantic output. A typical fluid catalytic cracker, with a capacity of thousands of barrels daily, is operated by a crew of not more than half a dozen. One man is always on duty in a large pleasant room, the only room in the cracker, where he sits and reads a newspaper, looking up from time to time at a long double row of dials around three walls, to see that they are behaving themselves. These dials are the size of portholes on a ship; every one of them is recording on a revolving paper disk the minute-by-minute record that is required—heat, pressure, electric power or anything else that is needed. The workman sits and follows on the printed page the imagined adventures of Buck Rogers in the twenty-fifth century. Two hundred feet over his head, the gently purring catalytic giant, brought into being by pygmy human beings, proceeds to turn the decomposed bodies of microscopic animals into a substance which enables other Louisiana boys, soft-spoken like himself, to shoot down Jap and German boys in ratios of three and four to one. The attendant of this modern djinn, following in the comic strip the wondrous inventions of five hundred years hence, on another planet, shakes his head in bewildered admiration. "What won't they think up next!" he says.

What they have thought up next, so far as I am concerned, is green grass, a handsome lawn surrounding a great gray-green concrete building with flying buttresses of concrete, which faintly resembles a European cathedral. The building has no windows; its one door is a heavy steel affair, with a small bull's-eye of thick glass let into it. This is covered normally by a plate of steel, but it can be swung aside to let you look through. Here the flames of hell are maintaining a temperature of 3,000 degrees and even the persistent but thin-skinned mammalian creature who plotted this purga-

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tory has to stay outside. The danger of explosion is fairly great, enough so that the heavy concrete building has a flimsy roof. The idea is that if she blows up, the walls will hold, the roof will go, and the damage be reduced to a minimum. They hope.

You are not allowed to forget that combustible chemicals are dangerous. At a dozen points in this twelve-hundred-acre petroleum farm, there are lofty chimneys, each bearing at its top a great plume of flame. These flames burn day and night; the men who put them there want any excess vapor to be ignited high in the air and under controlled conditions, moving up through the chimney to burn harmlessly out of doors. One vast shed, filled with quietly moving, dull-green machinery has an atmosphere almost unendurably laden with ammonia, despite great doors at frequent intervals. In another big area one is oppressed by the nauseous sweetness of alcohol. (Drinkable stuff is produced at one point in the process, and Uncle Sam, with his usual heavy-handed propriety, has plastered a bonded padlock on every turnable valve.)

Walking among these vast and imperturbable monsters, products of man's ability to make his dreams come true, it is hard to keep the mind on the level of everyday life. I could not help thinking of Kipling's Hindu who had been trained to operate a big electric generating station. As I remember, he ran it skillfully and in orthodox manner except that every morning he knelt down and prayed to the machine.

Going between two of these great structures, I raised my eyes to a window fifty feet above the ground, and suddenly I saw the head of an African pygmy appear, barely discernible against the darkness behind him. He seemed greatly agitated and at once disappeared again as though an unseen enemy had dragged him down by the feet. An instant later he appeared again, obviously in great distress, and vanished once more. It was with a start of real relief that I realized he was only the end of a great piston rod flashing into sight with the revolution of a flywheel.

For a layman, the making of rubber is more dramatic than anything else on display here, since liquid products like gasoline flow invisible through pipes except when, rarely, they splash behind glass windows to let you see what is happening. But rubber is fun. Here, for example, is a point in the production of the type called butyl where a stream of water gushes like a small Niagara upon the head of a long flat platform which is joggling furiously up and down. As the water touches the surface it instantly turns to popcorn, which jigs in an eccentric dance the whole length of the platform, and falls off the other end. Let me hastily spoil my own story by adding that what you really see is a coagulation process; the popcorn is rubber curds and the purpose of having them dance on the plate is to get the water out.

A moment later, here is a great rotating drum like that in the sort of web press on which newspapers are printed. As the drum revolves, at moderate speed, it carries up and over an endless huge blanket of pale rubber, the color of a new slate pencil. By the drum stands a workman with a knife in his right hand. He holds it against the face of the rubber and cuts it near one edge, an endless vertical cut without moving even his fingers. At the top of the drum the rubber comes off and piles up into a great tumbled mass, folding back and forth upon itself. The workman seems as helpless against this inundation of rubber as was Charlie Chaplin, struggling with the machinery in "Modern Times." You would swear that at any minute he will be engulfed and smothered; but then with a deft motion he suddenly whisks the mountain of folded rubber to one side and it becomes the problem of someone else. The narrower section which he has all this time been cutting goes back into the machine. Evidently it has not done its lesson properly and must stay after school.

At another point one sees butadiene (liquefied at a low temperature) being mixed with styrene and other things to make buna S, the commonest form of synthetic rubber, the kind you will have on your car any minute now, in 1945. One remembers most clearly a concrete platform high in the air, open on all sides but roofed by another platform, for more machinery, overhead. Deeply embedded in the concrete are huge glass vats, six feet across, each topped with a heavy iron cover, painted green. In every top is a small window of thick glass, and beside it a push-button with which any passer-by may light the interior. Bend close to the window and press the button. Inside the great vat one sees a huge, closely coiled white serpent of almost-rubber, sluggishly contracting its coils, with an irresistible impression of blind power; one thinks of the vast white worm upon which, in Norse mythology, the earth was supposed to rest. And who can say, all things considered, that the simile is unjustified?

A little later, however, the enterprise becomes modern and conventional: the white serpent slides meekly from vat to vat and eventually through what looks like a great battery of electric refrigerators, painted dark green and stacked three deep toward the ceiling. Thoroughly desiccated, he emerges at one end through a small trap-door which at intervals of a few seconds opens its mouth and delivers something which has the size, shape, color and surface roughness of a doormat. Hurrying attendants whisk it into a box, and away it goes to the hungrily waiting manufacturers of rubber material, all over the country. Only it is not a doormat; it is something that spells the difference between victory and defeat in the war; it spells the choice between traveling across America as a free man and standing huddled behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp. I was glad to see it.

BRUCE BLIVEN

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The Coming Rebellion of Labor[1]

My union, Local 16 of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, CIO, is for several reasons a good example of the coming rebellion of labor. First, we were formed in that period when workingmen were fighting to make the Rooseveltian principle of "collective bargaining" an actuality in relations with the employer. The Steel Trust was tough and the President's being on our side was not enough: we had to fight to put into practice what the President had put on paper. Our friendliness toward President Roosevelt is as long as the history of our local. Some of us even think that without his help there would never have been a Local 16.

Second, we are a local that less than two years ago benefited hugely by a ruling of the War Labor Board. The Board ruled that the shipyard where I work, which is not far from New York City, should grant us a "maintenance-of-membership" clause, which would guarantee our union a wartime existence while we put aside some of our more vigorous union crusading to concentrate on production of destroyers and cargo ships. President Roosevelt stood behind that ruling by having the navy take over and operate the entire shipyard, when the company refused to abide by the WLB decision. What is more, since the plant has been returned to company operation, the government has consistently backed the union on the maintenance-of-membership clause.

Yet today our union is in a turmoil of unrest and confusion. Several of our officers are under formal investigation by a rank-and-file committee; rump meetings are being held and leaflets put out by the rank and file. And while no direct attack has been made on major government labor policies, secretly the anti-administration feeling is running high. Some idea of the feeling of the men may be seen in the following telegram which the membership overwhelmingly voted to send to President Roosevelt on the Sunday he was to deliver his speech on the mine strike:

> We respectfully want to remind you that among the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter are freedom from want and freedom from fear. If the mine workers were free from want they would never have struck the mines in wartime, no matter at whose urging or leadership. For the good of the nation at home and our country's prestige abroad we respectfully urge you to use your power to eliminate want among miners rather than attempt to crush their aspirations to a decent American standard of living by the rule of bayonet and the fear which you and Mr. Churchill outlawed in the Atlantic Charter.

A few months ago such a telegram would never have been sent. We would have had enough faith in the President's labor sympathies to trust to his handling of the situation without any prompting from us. Moreover, since our union had been indirectly involved in a jurisdictional dispute with Local 50 of Mr. Lewis' Mine Workers (some of our members went to Newark to fight Local 50's raid on the CIO Celanese Workers), our action is still more unusual. Certainly the telegram gave the President no comfort against Lewis.

What had happened in the meantime that had swung the trust and loyalties of this group of men away from their faith in the President? Why was it that, despite the hysterical onslaught of the press against the miners and Lewis, we stuck our necks out and said we were on their side?

The answer is that, like air-plant workers on the Pacific Coast and auto workers in Detroit, our union has reached the saturation point of working under the status quo. We feel that we have been neglected by the administration and that our officials have been caught in the trap of frozen wages, Little Steel formulas, "no strike" pledges and the whole sloppy mess into which New Deal labor policies have degenerated. In backing the miners, we were also expressing our own discontent—and serving notice upon Mr. Roosevelt that it is time he gave labor a critical survey.

The rebellion that is gathering in labor—and has in some instances, already broken out into strikes—is caused by both economic and political grievances. In our yard the "no-strike" pledge, instead of calling forth good will and coöperation, has been used by the owners to debilitate the union. Grievances which in normal times would be stopped by threat of strike action we must swallow, whether it's the case of a man who has been kept off a launching because his name is Goldberg, or the failure to give a man his top mechanic's rating because he is "too interested in the union." Not so long ago our three top officials were fired from the yard, an anti-union move the company wouldn't have dared to risk under normal conditions. We met this one with a new tactic: the after-work picket line, in which we were going to picket the yard after putting in our eight hours against the Axis, carrying signs like this: "Eight Hours Against the Axis—One Hour Against U.S. Steel. Fight Fascism—Not Unionism!"

Next morning, after we had laid our plans for the after-work picketing, the company issued a memorandum announcing reinstatement of our officials. The bulletin was full of what seemed to us nauseating pseudo-patriotism, but to those of us experienced in the labor movement it showed that the company fears publicity on anti-unionism—for the duration.

[1] Comment on this article appears in the editorial section. – THE EDITORS

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Since the war, we have lived and worked under constant attack, both from our immediate employer and the nationally organized labor-baiters. The spectre of anti-strike and union-busting legislation has hung over us constantly, even as it hangs now. While we were quietly breaking production records, the president of our plant could find time to get out before Chamber of Commerce meetings to campaign for a wage cut under the camouflage of an attack on the forty-hour week. After a tough day in the yard, headlines and radios blared the distorted figures of Rickenbacker into our ears until we wondered if we were schizophrenics leading double lives: one of breaking records in building ships, the other that of well heeled, irresponsible drunks who spent from 12 to 15 percent of our working week in the gin mills.

Through all of these attacks, production has constantly climbed in our yard. It used to take from eighteen months to two years from the time the keel was laid until a destroyer was launched. A few Sundays ago I rode down the ways on one—exactly four and a half months from the time her keel was laid. Roughly, production is five times that of pre-war days.

What we shipyard unionists have been guilty of throughout this war is naïveté. We thought quite simply the best answer to labor's enemies was production. We entered into a "no-strike" agreement with the understanding that the Shipbuilding Stabilizing Committee would raise our wages when and if the cost of living went up, and in proportion to the rising cost of living. This is written into our agreement. We did not know that the employer would get the upper hand in the Shipbuilding Stabilization Committee and that the Department of Labor would back the employer with what we feel are a phony set of figures. Weeks before Phil Murray, in a conference room in Washington, accused Madame Perkins of hiding the failure of the OPA with phony figures, our membership had booed one of our officials who attempted to quote Madame Perkins on the cost of living.

It is precisely this sort of thing that is working against the President in labor circles today. Any workingman's wife who buys food knows that the OPA is a failure, and that the administration's efforts to control the rising cost of living have not worked out. On the other side, you have the resentment of workers whose wages have been frozen effectively.

Politically, the rank and file of labor are hostile to the War Labor Board because we believe it is trying to sell us a phony bill of goods. We feel that it has blindly closed its eyes and set out hell-bent to prevent inflation of wages, without recognizing that inflation is already here in prices. The blind formula of keeping down wages while prices are permitted to skyrocket has resulted in the War Labor Board's being considered anti-labor. And until such time as Mr. Roosevelt corrects this error by an honest price-control program or else permits the same rise in wages as has taken place in prices, we have no alternative but to consider him as acting against the interests of working people.

Besides getting into difficulties with union labor by permitting economic injustice to range through war plants because of failure to select competent administrators to control the price-fixing program, the President has permitted enemies of labor to infiltrate into the New Deal. Certainly to all of us the appointment of McNutt to the War Manpower Board seemed a blow against labor that made us wonder where the President is headed. We remember McNutt for the most outstanding event of his career, the calling out of troops against strikers when he was Governor of Indiana. We expected him to proceed to make an autocrat of himself on the manpower question, and we feel that he hasn't disappointed us. Fortunately, labor has been strong enough to make him back water on his proposal flatly to "freeze" workers to their jobs. The AFL, CIO, the Railroad Brotherhoods, the United Mine Workers—we all have a united front in our distaste for this strike-breaking charm boy, and there will be no peace between us and the President until McNutt is removed or his power curbed out of existence. Our feeling toward Mr. Byrnes is no less intense.

Union leaders, loyal to the President for his enlightened past achievements in social legislation, are today out on a limb with their memberships for defending his wartime policies. The rank and file are growing more and more resentful of being the forgotten men of the war program, frozen in wages, frozen to jobs, and undergoing a vicious drubbing both economically and politically from the anti-laborites. More and more we feel that there are two wars in America today: one, the war of arms against the hostile nations; the other, the war of the producers against the employers, the war of workingmen against exploiters. We are beginning to doubt whether we should continue to neglect our home-front fight. We doubt whether those called from among us to fight the battle of the nation would approve of our surrendering the home front to the anti-labor forces while they are away.

Our friendliness toward President Roosevelt is sincere, and it is with great reluctance that we would openly break with him. We are willing to undergo sacrifice, to speed up the building of ships, and generally do our part in the war. At the same time, if he abandons us to the onslaughts of reaction, and permits the machinery of government to be used by anti-labor subordinates, we shall be forced, in self-defense, to take suitable economic and political action.

Reluctant to condemn this old friend of labor, most of us try to excuse him by believing he doesn't know what is going on in the shipyards and war plants, or that some of his win-the-war policies have been converted by employers into instruments to wage class war against the common people. VICTOR H. JOHNSON

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Teapot Dome, 1943 Style

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and his administration are faced with a 1943-model Teapot Dome scandal, thanks to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and the President's pet, the Navy Department.

Last November, in the name of conservation, Secretary Knox quietly signed a contract with the Standard Oil Company of California which gives that company a virtual monopoly on our richest remaining oil reserve, the Elk Hills Naval Reserve in Kern County, California. The deal was handled so quietly that neither the Department of Interior nor the Department of Justice, which usually negotiate such matters, even heard about the contract until months later. Knox somehow got the contract onto the President's desk and off again with his hurried approval in less than twenty-four hours, record time in these days. The next day, Standard moved in on the government's sections at Elk Hills and began to dig new wells to yield Standard a flow of thousands of barrels every day of our carefully preserved crude-oil reserve.

Last week, almost seven months later, when Washington began to wake up to what had happened, there was general amazement that such a thing could occur during the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has fought to protect our oil reserves over so long a period of years. During Woodrow Wilson's administration, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and his young Assistant Secretary, Franklin Roosevelt, fought a continuing battle with the private oil interests which were trying to get their hands on the naval oil reserves.

On December 11, 1942, the navy issued a meager and misleading statement on the Standard contract, which gave the impression that the navy had acquired something of real value rather than given it away. Ironically, it had been exactly twenty years before, on December 11, 1922, when Secretary of Interior Albert Fall had signed another contract involving Elk Hills. That one gave Edward Doheny, head of Pan-American Oil, a fifteen-year lease on the Elk Hills reserve in return for the construction of storage tanks at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Doheny had worked hard for that plum. A year before Fall signed our precious reserve over to him, Doheny obligingly sent his son to Washington with a little black bag containing $100,000 in bills for Fall, and subsequently Secretary Fall came to understand Elk Hills was in serious danger of depletion from drainage by private operations on its outskirts, and that the way to protect the reserve was to give it to Doheny. When Doheny later came to trial in the Teapot Dome-Elk Hills case, the government's attorney, Owen J. Roberts, remarked that the only drainage with regard to Elk Hills had been from Harry Sinclair to Fall and consisted of $233,000 worth of Liberty bonds.

In the 1943 version of the Elk Hills story there is apparently no little black bag, but there is again talk of the danger of depletion from drainage. There are again cries of injured innocence from those responsible for the drafting of the contract, protests that what has been done is in the public interest, contributes to our national security, is the speediest and most economical way to achieve the most effective protection of our oil resources. These points are in general the line of defense which has been adopted by Admiral H. A. Stuart, director of the navy's petroleum reserves, to the criticism now being heaped on his handiwork. Admiral Stuart is one of the characters who appear in both the 1922 and the current version of the Elk Hills story. He managed the reserves for Secretary Daniels, lost place to a Harding man in 1921, and was assigned to duty outside of Washington a little later on for asking too many embarrassing questions about the very first dealings between Fall and Doheny and Sinclair. It is further irony that Admiral Stuart should have been in charge of negotiating this contract for Elk Hills which comes so close to duplicating many of the weaknesses of the Doheny deal which Stuart, twenty years ago, saw so clearly.

The testimony Admiral Stuart gave before the Naval Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee in February was the first information Congress had been given about the contract Knox had made with Standard in November to operate Elk Hills. Stuart's purpose in coming before the committee was to obtain the funds navy had promised Standard under the terms of the contract. First he explained the proposition to the committee. Standard Oil of California was agreeing to deed to the government the 8,300 acres within the 44,000-acre Elk Hills reserve to which it held title. In return for this Standard was to receive a cash payment of $1,750,000 for its equipment and the right to withdraw from the field its full production for the next five years, to be limited to 15,000 barrels of oil per day. Admiral Stuart explained to the committee, and especially to its interested chairman, Rep. Harry R. Sheppard of California, that government and Standard geologists had got together and devised a formula for apportioning future production on the basis of 64 percent to the government, 36 percent to Standard. They estimated that there were approximately 400,000,000 barrels of oil in the area. For the first five years, no one has yet explained just why, Standard was to take the whole production and pay back the navy's 64 percent afterwards at the rate of one third of its

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share per year thereafter. In other words, under the navy plan, in the first five years Standard will take out approximately 27,500,000 barrels. The navy is to buy back its own oil from Standard at the going Kern County market price, which, of course, is Standard's price. Since this contract was negotiated, the OPA has been good enough to permit an increase of 25 cents per barrel in the price of oil sold to the navy in order to persuade Standard to stay in production.

As Admiral Stuart continued his explanation, the committee's brows wrinkled. The members began to ask questions, most importantly why the navy had chosen to make such a deal as this with Standard of California instead of using the usual means of condemnation to accomplish the desired full government control of the Elk Hills reserve. Stuart's answer was that it would cost a great deal of money to buy out Standard's sections of Elk Hills under condemnation procedure and that anyway that method was too slow. No one on the committee took occasion to point out that as to speed the navy had been since 1938 figuring out the plan Stuart was offering them in February, 1943, and that the Lands Division of the Department of Justice held such speed records for taking possession of desired property as: two days for Camp Carson, Colorado; one day for Newcastle Airfield, Delaware; and one half-day for Camp Springs Airfield, Maryland. And that as for expense, merely comparing probable cost of condemnation with the cash payment Standard is slated to receive under the navy contract is not quite the whole story.

The original five-year concession in effect provides Standard, for one thing, with more than $20,000,000 of capital at no interest whatsoever. Standard stands to make further profit under the plan for repayment of the navy's share from the first five-year period, since it can compute its repayment inclusive of all its producing and refining costs and can practically determine its own gasoline price. Basically, if one is to believe the existing geologic reports on the Elk Hills area, those sections now held by Standard which are to constitute its contribution to the unification are being rapidly encroached on by ground water, thus reducing their real value. Standard's interests in the pool then, estimated at 36 percent of the reserve, will soon be largely "watered," and Standard thereby profits inestimably by the pooling process. The navy itself can get no oil from this, its own reserve, from now until the end of time except by selling its share of the production to Standard at Standard's own price for oil and then buying back again at Standard's price for that product.

The Appropriations Subcommittee did not like what it heard from Admiral Stuart. After all his arguments, they still felt it would be more equitable to submit the case to regular condemnation procedure. Admiral Stuart strongly objected, insisted that he knew what he was doing and demanded support. He didn't get it.

All this was in February, and the contract still had not come to Secretary Ickes or Attorney General Biddle. Then Richfield Oil, destined to lose out at Elk Hills under the monopoly deal between navy and Standard, is said to have tipped Ickes off on what was going on. His Undersecretary prepared a protesting memo which went to Knox, thence to the President, thence to Justice, where it should have gone in the first place.

That brings us to the middle of March. Assistant Attorney General Norman Littell on first look saw the bugs in the contract and courageously went to Economic Stabilizer Byrnes to urge immediate withdrawl of the contract. Byrnes was able to get a second request for the appropriation, which the House Committee had already turned down once, withdrawn from the next budget request Admiral Stuart took to the Hill in April. But the navy continued to defend the contract, and Standard continued to occupy Elk Hills. Meanwhile, Norman Littell had put his best men to analyzing the Elk Hills agreement and had produced a report which is now at the White House. It does not leave the navy a leg to stand on.

Clearly Secretary Knox pulled a fast one on the President when that busy man had no choice but to accept his navy chief's word on what he was approving. If the navy contract is allowed to stand, it will mean that Standard gets a monopoly on all future development and exploitation of rich Elk Hills without assuming any financial risk whatsoever.

It took the government more than five years to regain possesion of Elk Hills after Fall gave the reserve to Doheny in 1922, and to win reimbursement for the oil drilled from it during the time of the contract. Thanks to the vigilance of the House Public Lands Committee and the Appropriations Subcommittee and of certain Interior and Justice officials, the President now knows just how embarrassing a position he has been placed in by Secretary Knox and his associates and can proceed to abrogate the contract and condemn the lands. Whether these men are really to blame or whether there are other men in Washington close to the Standard Oil Company of California who brought influence to bear in the situation is a question which should be fully investigated and the answer made public through congressional hearings as speedily as possible.

The navy still insists it made a "good" contract, and although the request for funds with which to implement the contract has been withdrawn, Standard has not withdrawn from Elk Hills. It is up to the President now to admit publicly that he was misinformed, revoke the contract and see that those who are responsible for this deal are made public examples to prove that Teapot Domes are luxuries we cannot afford.

HELEN FULLER

Washington

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Washington Notes

Is This Just Another War?

IT BEGINS TO BE OBVIOUS that this war is not running on schedule politically. The world reformation is missing fire. In fact, it is questionable whether in continuing to think of the war in revolutionary terms, as most left-of-center writers of all shades do, they are not losing contact with the realities of the situation and building us up for a bad let-down. Without falling into the error of defeatism it should be possible to take stock of the facts and reëxamine the position of United Nations in the light of recent political developments. Some of these developments, particularly as they affect our soldiers, are unpleasant for a hopeful liberal to look in the eye.

For example, The Stars and Stripes reports from North Africa that a poll of soldiers in that theatre reveals intense impatience with John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers. That doesn't mean, of course, that soldiers in North Africa are necessarily against all unions any more than civilian impatience with Lewis means that the stay-at-home public has suddenly turned against unionism. However, fine distinctions tend to lose themselves in far away places where the news comes in bulletin capsules. Our North African army is living in a colonial empire where democracy is so watered down that it is almost nonexistent, where the population is probably 99-percent illiterate and where the tricky Arab, although a colorful curiosity at first, presently is spoken of as a "gook" and regarded as an untrustworthy character who probably deserves at times the harsh treatment meted out to him by the tough French colonials.

The connection between the soldier's attitude toward the Arab and his feeling about John L. Lewis may not be very direct but it is there. A subtle change takes place in the basic attitudes of soldiers stationed in politically backward parts of the world, as most of our soldiers abroad are. They start accepting as a law of life the assumption that the world is made up of superiors and inferiors. They associate themselves with the superiors. Moreover, they begin to think of the United States they left behind as the ultimate in desirability—socially, politically and every other way. They fight primarily to get the war over so they can return to it as it was, unchanged. Many of them are bound to be a reactionary force when thrown back into civilian life. Such men cannot but influence their families and friends. They are not going to be very much concerned over what becomes of the Arabs among whom they were forced for a time to live—and this indifference, once established, can affect their attitude toward all other men.

Meanwhile, back home, the soldier's family is finding it easy to get employment at good wages and to buy bonds that will become a stake in capitalism after the war. Already the public holds four times as many bonds as it did in the whole period of the First World War. American corporations, in spite of taxes, are earning profits hand over fist and their owners are feeling cockier by the hour. Congress gives them most of their Ruml plan and protects their position. They look forward to a post-war bonanza financed by the accumulation of purchasing power in the hands of war workers and, probably, a new imperialism of some kind that will supplement the home market with foreign outlets for investment and for surplus goods.

Thus the American impulse for radical reform seems to lose its force as the war goes on both at home and abroad. Vice President Wallace's trial balloons are indifferently observed. The feeling appears to prevail in America that we shall get out of this war an association of nations that can try the experiment of keeping world peace—which may or may not succeed. In any case, the United States will be able to go its way essentially unchanged in political, social and economic organization. Adjusting himself to this attitude, the President signs the tax bill, and plays his cards for a quick victory in Europe and a gradual demobilization of the army while Japan is being subdued. There is talk of dropping Wallace from the Democratic ticket next year and the polls show that Roosevelt is the overwhelming choice of the American people for another term if the war is still going on.

What of the rest of the United Nations? What kind of leadership can they be expected to supply? There is unquestionably strong sentiment for social reform in Great Britain. There is also great sympathy for Russia as the nation that saved Britain by its great fight on the eastern front. Yet Prime Minister Churchill seemed to have lost nothing by his announcement that he had no intention of presiding over the dissolution of the British Empire, and there is now evidence of a growing confidence among the British ruling classes that imperialism, far from dying, can get out of the war a new lease on life and that they can keep themselves in power at home. The majority of the peoples of occupied Europe almost certainly regard the Four Freedoms, which we in the United States are inclined to shrug off as vague generalizations, as a very real objective—at least as giving them a chance to win back the good things of their pre-Nazi way of life and perhaps, by the use of their freedom, something better. Russia's increasing nationalism, symbolized by the dissolution of the Comintern, which may be considerably more important than most liberals consider it, indicates that the USSR will not be a great revolutionizing force at the peace table except as its successful prosecution of the war stands as an example of the effectiveness of its particular kind of organization.

The President can be depended upon, now as always, to move in a liberal direction—but no faster than public opinion in the United States will go with him. He will win the war as cheaply as possible and will not hesitate to let down the liberals, as he did in North Africa, where there seems to be a conflict between military expediency and liberal principle. There is no reason for liberals to be discouraged or to give up their fight, but there is reason for them to recognize that it is a longer-range fight than some of them have figured on and that the peace which follows this war won't be the end of it. Indeed, it will be only the beginning of it, and liberals almost certainly will discover that their position has deteriorated rather than improved in some respects during the course of the war. There may be a world reformation some time, but this isn't it. This is rather a fight against the colossal reaction of fascism.

Washington T. R. B.

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Filled and Pervaded

STARK YOUNG, the distinguished writer, whose penetrating criticisms of dramatic art have long been familiar to readers of The New Republic, has in the past two years turned his attention to the art of painting. The results of this excursion into a new medium of artistic expression, some seventeen canvases in all, have recently been shown to the public in an exhibition sponsored by the Friends of Greece.

The general tone of this exhibition is surprisingly high—surprising, that is, to those who may not be familiar with Mr. Young's many-sided artistic gift or with the profoundly developed point of view which underlies and animates it. For some reason, we rarely find an artist who is able to express himself with any degree of fluency in more than one medium. We can always think of Leonardo da Vinci, of course, or even of our own Thomas Jefferson—what would one not give to drop in on those musical evenings in Monticello!—but in the case of many of our contemporary artists one branch of art seems to be enough, and sometimes, alas! more than enough. Accordingly we might expect Mr. Young to paint, if he could paint at all, as a writer paints. But he does not paint as a writer paints. He paints as an artist paints. The difference is here, for anyone to see.

Technically the majority of these paintings come off with great style. One is tempted to dwell upon them purely as examples of visual composition, or upon their charming and unusual color, or upon their really felicitous handling of pigment on canvas. But it is their content which holds the greatest interest for us. They are filled and pervaded with a deep inner dream.

This inner quality is evident at once in Mr. Young's studies of flowers—the Peonies, the Sketch for Six, the Votive. He has not painted these flowers from nature. He has seen them in memory, strangely, with a kind of sad contemplation. They have no fragrance. There is in them no "Go, lovely Rose!," no flame of spring. They bloom, not in any earthly meadow, but in Edmund Spenser's "Prothalamion." They exist on the canvas as cosmic manifestations, bits of eternity, as it were. Mr. Young has seen them not only in relation to space but in relation to time. This is odd and different and appealing, the finality of flowers.

Mr. Young's landscapes—the Ode, the Presidio Range, the Valley of the Pedernalis—carry the same strange inward appeal. But in these paintings something else is added, a quality very personal, very difficult to define, the sense of a presence that is somehow purposeful, a movement, an activity, an influence—a spirit that moves over the waters, the powers that "range above the region of the wind." How such an impression can be conveyed through the medium of paint is Mr. Young's own secret. But the impression is conveyed nevertheless. Perhaps it is, quite simply, an artist's vision of immortal Love.

Here is the final quality which makes Mr. Young's exhibition a memorable one. These harmonious canvases—harmonious like "The Well Tempered Clavichord" of Bach, serene, effortless, charged with thought—exhibit an infinitely touching humility and resignation, an awakening out of our common dream of ambition and accomplishment. It is as if this artist continually dwelt upon the idea which finds its ultimate expression in the "Paradiso": *E la sua volontate è nostra pace.* In His will is our peace.

"The passions, when we know that they cannot find fulfilment, become vision." Rarely indeed can the work of any artist living call to mind ideas like these.

ROBERT EDMOND JONES

The Expendables

THE MOVIE "BATAAN" is a skillful condensation of the original battle of Bataan Peninsula. It is Hollywood's best war film to date and, as a movie, an experience worthy of the battle itself. The film manages to capture the values of the original: the artfulness of the American-Filipino forces, who were so overpoweringly outnumbered; and their heroism which thwarted the whole weight of the Japanese Empire on a pinpoint of land, causing this empire to pour more and more men into the tiny area—to win it finally but only after hideous slaughter. What the movie does is to reproduce on a small scale the action of intensified warfare. This is done by concentrating on a makeshift American patrol covering the final retreat from the Peninsula, its duty being to blow up one bridge as fast as the enemy rebuilds it. Small, isolated groups like this one (it was composed of twelve soldiers and one sailor), hopelessly unprepared, with only their own pack animals for food, bedeviled by malaria, actually held off the enemy for many months instead of the expected few weeks.

The situations the film uses to present these thirteen expendables have a pulp-story insufficiency. Probably its most antiquated war sequence is that in which the wounded aviator uses his dynamite-laden plane to crash into the bridge. But George Murphy's enactment of this, in which there are no heroics but only a man gruesomely ill and in pain, supremely disgusted with the pain and the world that caused it, makes this sequence anything but silly. And the whole preparation for this flight, which is so marvelously played and cut, gives it a humanity far from the cliché it could have been. The corny conflict of the two old enemies, Robert Taylor and Lloyd Nolan, reunited on the battlefield, is made digestible by the admission that a man—Nolan—can hate most things and most people and still not apologize. Hollywood romanticism gets out of hand ultimately, in the last half-hour, with Pickett's charges of Japanese and the inevitable dying off of the patrol, which leaves Sgt. Bill Dane (Taylor) alone, pouring bullets into the oncoming enemy while standing in a grave marked with his own cross. But the success of the movie has already been established, and for keeps. Inside the grotesque pockets of the plot is an emotional honesty got by Tay Garnett's direction and the good human quality of the playing.

Technically, "Bataan" is that rare American movie which watches an event patiently from moment to moment and from all sides. Of a tree-climbing episode the vital part is the craftsmanship of the climbing and an onlooking soldier's wonder at it, making the result what it should be—the climax of an action. The psychology of the director is best evidenced by his care in showing the route through the jungle that Taylor and Nolan must take to blow up their bridge, so that when they come back, under attack,

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the audience knows every painful turn of the course and suffers with them. The accidents are brought off with the greatest sharpness—the death of the Negro, Wendell Eeps (Kenneth Spencer), will throw you out of your seat, and the moments of waiting are made interminable—the one in which the men nervously hold their gunfire until the moment arrives to cover the take-off of the airplane is an intensity of acting and cutting. Major credit is due Robert Andrews for his script, which he wrote with the camera rather than the pencil in mind, and for his dialogue, which is meaningful, original and good throughout.

For the most part the players project a definite integrity into their roles; the faults are all minor—the cornet-playing sailor is a caricature, and like the hep-cat Mexican, is embarrassing. The new Negro player, Kenneth Spencer, creates a figure of soft nobility and a great deal of presence. Lloyd Nolan, who has been knocking around B pictures for years (because by Hollywood's standards he is not handsome enough for hero parts and not ugly enough for character roles), gets back with a vengeance. He twiddles his thumbs distractedly, pantomimes impatience, disgust and obscenities, and produces a trombonish Brooklynese for the ugly surliness of his romantic Mister Boins. Robert Taylor offsets his collar-ad handsomeness with poise and sincerity.

"Bataan" is a picture I like, and recommend as intelligent, where human emotions were, for once, considered appropriate material for the screen.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

In remarkably few words, he [Fulton Lewis Jr.] laid bare the fallacy of two of those famous "freedoms." I cannot recall his wording, but the substance was that this "freedom from want" and "freedom from fear" are threats to the very spirit of America—the quality that has made her great. And whoever passed it along to the President they were grand and noble concepts was a crackpot. – *From a letter to The New York Herald Tribune.*

Willkie praised the Communist Manifesto of 1848, saying, among other things, "BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT IS ONE OF THE GREAT HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS." He has never said as much for the Republican platform. – *A speech made in the House by Rep. Paul Shafer (Mich.) criticizing Willkie's defense of William Schneiderman, secretary of the Communist Party of California, as quoted in The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Faced with the responsibility of wielding the vast amount of money that his father possessed, he [Edsel Ford] managed his affairs capably, never once considering money as a burden. "It's no more of a burden than clothes or food," he once said publicly. – *From The Akron Beacon Journal.*

Easy Come, Easy Go

A Detroit rationing board today summoned Maxon, Inc., advertising agency owned by Lou R. Maxon, deputy OPA administrator, to explain why it applied for and received OPA permits to purchase huge stores of food for Maxon's luxury lodge in Michigan's north woods.

Although the Maxon "cabin" had more than 7,000 points' worth of foods on hand, it nevertheless prevailed on the senior OPA rationing officer here to give its owner certificates to acquire an additional 416 pounds of sugar, 169 pounds of coffee, 7,812 points for processed foods and 12,108 points for meats, fats and oils for May and June. – *From PM.*

Total-War Department

The Lookouts open the 1943 Southern Association season at Engel Stadium today at 3, meeting the Knoxville Smokies in a festive battle likely to draw about 7,000 persons. . . . Mayor Ed Bass has proclaimed a half-holiday, although this is not intended to invite absenteeism from war work in any fashion. – *From The Chattanooga Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Senator Capper to Thomas Sancton

SIR: I have had in mind for some time dropping you a line to express my approval of the sentiments uttered by Mr. Sancton in his timely comments on "The Negro Press," published in The New Republic of April 26. It is the fairest comment on a controversial subject that I have seen in a long time.

I have watched the Negro press for a year or two and am gratified at the outstanding progress they have made. They are clearly entitled to the praise which you have accorded them.

Washington, D. C. SEN. ARTHUR CAPPER

Post-War Germany

SIR: I would like to comment on some of the points raised in Mr. H. W. Ehrmann's article on post-war Germany [The New Republic, May 3].

It is true that to separate Prussia from the rest of Germany may not cure widespread German aggressiveness. The tradition is deep-rooted. But the object should be to impair by decentralization, and perhaps disunification, the military striking-power of a unified Greater Germany. . . .

Why should Europe's German workshop not be scrapped or reduced as much as possible? Peace and a lower standard of living may be preferable to its continued existence as the major instrument of world wars. At any rate, the goal should be to free Europe from its dependence on German heavy industry, perhaps by discouraging heavy industry in Germany and encouraging it elsewhere.

It is common ground between Mr. Ehrmann and myself that the union of Junkers, industrialists, bureaucrats and soldiers must be smashed. But will that suffice? . . .

What assurance is there that German liberalism, pacifism and socialism will be more effective now than it was after 1848 or in 1914—that the German people will be any less prone to obey authority in the future . . . than they were in the past? . . .

Under defeat the Germans may turn as before to the outward forms of democracy. It will be one way of securing easier terms. But Mr. Ehrmann (like E. H. Carr and Dorothy Thompson in their recent books) would retain intact the vast military potential of a unified Greater Germany. To do this is to leave

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untouched the material bases of Germany's historic domination —that is, to throw away the fruits of victory again—for the power entrusted to liberals and socialists today can be seized for very different purposes when the time is ripe tomorrow....

LIONEL GELBER

Department of History, Toronto University, Toronto, Can.

Now Is the Time to Choose Good Candidates

SIR: Liberals, who want better congressmen in the next Congress, can in many districts start now to see to it that better candidates are nominated. This is no argument for a third party or other mirage, fathered by Hope out of Ignorance-of-Politics; it is merely a statement of a fact—that primaries can usually be controlled, where there is no one outstanding candidate or dominant political group, by a determined minority—if that minority is reasonably aware of the preferences of the people of the district, if it is reasonably shrewd and if it starts to work in time.

The greatest of these requirements is starting to work in time. Primaries, in which nominees are chosen, are usually held from two to six months before the general elections. Candidates must file some time before the primaries; and there is little point to filing unless they have already made themselves well enough known to have a chance to win the nomination. This means that a candidate should start his campaign not later than November, 1943, and preferably earlier. . . .

Liberals must remember that primary elections are nearly always determined by a small minority of voters; and that this minority is influenced and led by an even smaller minority, distinguished not so much by unusual skill or knowledge of national affairs as by an assiduous devotion to the cultivation of good will. Nominees are rarely chosen because of their stand one way or the other on matters of high policy. Votes are cast for them, because they inspire confidence, or are believed to be "nice guys," or are expected to distribute patronage favorably. . . .

Liberals must remember that it is not at all necessary, in some districts, to fight the machine; they should try rather to demonstrate to the machine that a candidate whom they favor can aid the rest of the ticket. . . . At a minimum estimate, liberals could, by planning of the sort here suggested, elect liberal candidates in twenty contests. Which would make quite a difference. . . .

Chicago, Ill. LEWIS A. DEXTER

"Tribute to Russia Day"

SIR: It will be exactly two years on June 22 that the Nazis first launched their devastating attack on the Soviet Union, and the American people will observe this important anniversary with a ship-launching in Los Angeles, christening the first American boat after a Russian, Marina Raskova, with a family outing at the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, with the debut of a new battle hymn in Philadelphia, and with scores of ceremonies throughout the country.

The Governors of most of the forty-eight states will issue official proclamations designating June 22 as "Tribute to Russia Day" and to express the growing sympathy and understanding that exists for the Russian people, who now enter their third year of war. We hope that New Republic readers will join the millions of Americans, and government and military spokesmen, educators, churchmen and labor leaders, in this national celebration, sponsored by Russian War Relief, as a gesture of good will and friendship toward our Russian allies.

EDWARD C. CARTER, President,

New York City Russian War Relief, Inc.

Catholics and Liberals

SIR: The comments of The New Republic [June 7] on my letter were clear, forthright and sincere. I did not find them—always—reasonable or to the point. Nevertheless, the general tone of the editorial gives hope of breaching the wall of misunderstanding that has recently arisen between Catholics and certain liberal groups.

The one and only point of my letter was to complain of the charge that the Catholic Church is linked essentially with fascism. I do not think it can be denied that this charge is being made openly or indirectly in editorials, articles, reviews and letters appearing in some sections of the liberal press of this country. Such a charge is a reflection upon the patriotism of every American Catholic. Despite the efforts being made by these Catholics to defend their country at the front and at home, they are, as I said in my letter, "a suspect lot because [they] stubbornly adhere to an alleged crafty, scheming and seditious organization called the Catholic Church." I put a question to the liberals who are making that charge. I demanded to know what will satisfy them, beyond what we are doing, as proof that we are loyal American citizens.

The New Republic asserts that the "majority of American Catholics are and have always been loyal citizens of a democratic regime." This is a noble acknowledgment that stands out in the present fog of vicious insinuation. I hope that those liberals who have been charging otherwise—explicitly, by innuendo, or by implication—will take to heart your words.

You say, however, that Catholics are loyal "regardless" of their adherence to an authoritarian religious organization. As a Catholic who has spent many years in the study of my faith, I must assert that Catholics are loyal *because* of their religion. The Church, to be sure, is authoritarian in character (but not fascistic or totalitarian). But this does not imply that a Catholic must adhere to an authoritarian form of government in the *political* order. The Church's insistence upon the dignity of the individual soul, the essential equality of all men, and respect for legitimate authority, fructifies *logically* on the political plane into democracy. There are many who will honestly question this. I beg them to read the work of my distinguished friend, Jacques Maritain, on "Christianity and Democracy."

As to totalitarianism, it is utterly impossible for a man to be at once a good Catholic and a "good" Nazi or Fascist. One or the other allegiance must eventually disappear, unless reason has fled. The papal documents "Mit Brennender Sorge" (against Nazism) and "Non Abbiamo Bisogno" (against fascism) have settled that for all time. Both are translated.

The fact that Catholics are fighting and dying in behalf of the United States you find "entirely irrelevant" to the ultimate aims of the Church as a worldwide organization. I wonder. If Catholics were *not* fighting and dying there would be a cry from coast to coast that the Church was fascistic, a cry much greater in volume than at present. In addition, I had referred to our efforts on the home front to foster morale. The American Catholic hierarchy, for example, has officially endorsed the struggle of the American people. Its statement of November, 1942, declared:

> Some nations are united in waging war to bring about a slave world—a world that would deprive man of his divinely conferred dignity, reject human freedom and permit no religious liberty. We are associated with other powers in a deadly conflict against these nations to maintain a free world. This conflict of principles makes compromise impossible.

No similar statement, official or otherwise, has ever been issued by the Catholic hierarchies in the Axis nations.

You find that good political democrats among the Catholics are hypersensitive about public discussion of the Church. I do

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not think it is a sign of supersensitivity to protest when your patriotism in a time of war is being assailed. On other matters that have come up in the past, Catholics undoubtedly have been too "touchy." You are therefore correct to some extent. The reactions of Catholics could sometimes be less violent, as the criticism of liberals could sometimes be more . . . discriminating.

Allow me to say here that I think that the liberal press on the whole has been unfair to those Catholics who have intelligently and profoundly assessed the role of the Church in the modern world, and assessed it in a spirit often of healthy criticism of laity and clergy. Why is so little attention given to such first-rate periodicals as The Dublin Review and The Review of Politics? Read the April, 1943, issue of either, and see whether Catholics fear to expose the shortcomings of their fellows. Read particularly the book-review section of the former, and I think it will be agreed that hypersensitivity to criticism of judicious and temperate quality is not necessarily a characteristic of good political democrats of the Catholic faith.

The reception accorded to "The Catholic Manifesto" several months ago hardly was a credit to the liberals of the country. Here was a profound and stirring defense of democracy against totalitarianism, and signed by about twoscore of the most prominent Catholic intellectuals of Europe and of Canada. How was it received? In general, it was ignored. In at least one instance it was kicked around in the editorial columns of a liberal paper (not The New Republic) as a fascist document. My point here is that when we do speak out strongly in defense of democracy, our pronouncements are often brushed aside.

Unless the term "fascism" is to be stretched to include every real or fancied weakness in the Catholic body in this country, I cannot possibly see what much of your discussion has to do with my complaint against the identification of the Church with fascism. Here is a specific charge, circulating widely now in many quarters of the country, and having little or nothing to do with most of the grievances you mention. This does not mean that I deny the justice of some of your points. I condemn, as you do, the anti-Semitism of the slums of Brooklyn and Boston. I detest attempts to boycott agencies who engage even in moderate criticism of Catholics. I have tried my best to make some Catholics adopt a more realistic attitude in world affairs. I have supported the efforts of Catholic leaders like Dr. John A. Lapp and Dr. Jerome G. Kerwin to oust those corrupt politicians who have disfigured the Catholic name.

Mgr. John A. Ryan, in The New Republic of April 12, discussed the issues over contraception and censorship. I think it would be desirable for the editors to review his position and the reasons for it before undertaking further discussion. There is just one point I would like to make here: the head of the committee concerned with indecent literature, the Most Rev. John F. Noll, has formally declared in a letter published widely in the press that this Catholic committee does not dictate to the Post Office Department. Before the episcopal veracity is challenged, I think it is reasonable to demand proof to the contrary.

I think it would have been more generous—and truer—to say that the Church has effected a precarious *modus vivendi* in Germany (yes, in Italy and Spain too!), in order to keep the channels of spiritual comfort open to the millions of Catholics in these countries, rather than to lay stress, as you have done, upon economic motivations. A *modus vivendi* was also once made by the Church eighteen years ago with a pagan and anti-Catholic Rome. Why? It had no possessions then. I do not say that the leaders of the Church throughout history have always acted wisely in these affairs, but by and large these leaders acted out of the highest spiritual motives. Concerning the possibility of better relations between Russia and the Vatican, I think it is well to remember that the Russia of today is not quite the same as the Russia of the twenties and the thirties, even as regards religion.

I should never attempt to defend all sections of the Catholic press. I have made my own criticisms against some of these people. You believe that about 90 percent of this press is pretty bad. I think your figure is quite too high. Yet there are enough defects in Catholic journalism to justify the earnest efforts being made by certain prelates, certain able Catholic editors and others, to make this press universally what it always should be: a powerful voice in behalf of Catholic realism.

I think you have been very fair. We Catholics have our faults, but no doubt you will admit that the liberals have theirs too. It is unfortunate that, at this hour particularly, serious dissension should have arisen. Tension of course there will always be between a liberal whose outlook is predominantly secular and a Christian who views things in a more spiritual light. But Catholics and liberals should make a strong effort to minimize that tension, and to effect the greatest possible unity of effort against the common foe. The problems of the post-war world will likewise require the greatest possible coöperation.

Notre Dame, Ind. FRANCIS E. MCMAHON

[We think our readers will agree that if all Catholics were as fair and reasonable as Dr. McMahon, liberals would find far less to criticize than they do. On most of the points made in our editorial, we are glad to see that Dr. McMahon is on our side and is opposed to the forces of obscurantism in his own church.

If our editorial discussed other matters than the one simple charge that the Catholic Church is tied to fascism in Europe, it was because we thought Dr. McMahon's letter went beyond this to the general issue, when he said: "What do you liberals want of us? . . . Do you want us to pick up our belongings and move out of the country?" And we still regret that Dr. McMahon did not distinguish clearly between the criticism of the bad elements in the Catholic Church that has appeared in The New Republic and that of "the liberals" elsewhere. We of course cannot accept responsibility for any statements except those appearing in our own columns; and even here, we frequently print letters in our correspondence section without editorial endorsement.

As for the hypersensitivity of even the good Catholics such as Dr. McMahon and Dr. John A. Ryan, this has been exhibited long before the present war began, and in regard to many subjects other than the simple one of the ties between the Catholic Church and European fascism.

It is certainly true that Catholic and non-Catholic liberals today have far more points of agreement than of dissension; and in view of the forces of reaction now unleashed throughout the world, it surely behooves them to fight together against the common enemy, and not among themselves. — THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Heart Mountain (Wyoming) Relocation Project has sent us the following credo of the Nisei, American-born Japanese, who are volunteering for service in the United States armed forces: "We believe in democracy and dedicate ourselves to the furtherance of its principles. To uphold these principles, we must destroy every form of tyranny, oppression and violation of human rights. We place our faith in America and base our hope in the future on that faith. Therefore, we believe that our volunteering in the armed forces of this country is a step toward the realization of these ends, and a positive manifestation of our loyalty to the United States."

Richard Wheeler of Beverly Hills, California, believes that the exclusion of the press from the United Nations Food Conference sets a dangerous precedent.

Terry Rosenbaum, of Brooklyn, and Frank A. Sieverman Jr., of New York City, have written to us expressing their hearty disapproval of Manny Farber's review of "Mission to Moscow."

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Books in Review

Revolution by Consent

THIS IS A PERIOD, Harold Laski says, "of revolutionary change that is likely to be as profound as any in the modern history of the human race." Two world wars in twenty-five years are symptoms of a disease that lies too deep to be healed by peace treaties. The whole social system that was established by the Reformation and the French Revolution is breaking down. The relations of production —that is, property relations—are no longer adapted to the forces of production. The result is that the public has grown skeptical or rebellious. The ruling classes are fearful of the future—and fear, Laski says, "is the parent of revolution, for it inhibits that temper of accommodation which is the essence of successful politics." [1]

He foresees that the world war may be followed by an endless series of civil wars. In order to avoid them, England and America need what he calls "that rarest of historical phenomena, a revolution by consent." Its aim would be to create an economic system "capable of offering the world expanding welfare." That would involve state planning for abundance, made possible by state control of what he calls the four fundamental bases of economic power: credit, transport, foreign trade and the land itself. Any steps that we take toward such a system would help us to win the war against Hitler's counter-revolution, which has to be defeated by revolutionary means. They would also be the only firm basis for a world settlement after our victory.

Revolution by consent is possible in the present mood of the British people (Laski was writing in the autumn of 1942). But that mood will change after the war, and the ruling class will then be unwilling to surrender its privileges. "If we have failed by the armistice to lay the foundations of a revolution by consent, we shall pass rapidly to a condition where, because men no longer hold the great ends of life in common, they will be unable to agree upon the methods of social change. In that event, the organization of basic principles will not be capable of accomplishment by peaceful means; and the final disposition of forces will be determined not by discussion but by violence."

That sounds as if Laski was threatening the British governing classes with a workers' revolution. On the contrary, what he fears is a counter-revolution directed or encouraged by those now in power. Finding that democracy and monopoly capitalism cannot exist together, they will try to destroy democracy. They may even succeed, though not without years of repression, and not if the British people take advantage of the present opportunity for action. "Either we build now to make possible the movement from an economics of scarcity to an economics of abundance, or, with, no doubt, special features which our own historical tradition will provide, we shall move irresistibly toward a fascism of our own making."

[1] Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time, by Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 428 pages. $3.50.

That is Laski's principal argument in his "Reflections on the Revolution of Our Times." It is, I think, substantially correct; its chief weakness is the habit of thought revealed by words like "inevitable," "no other alternative" and "irresistibly." Only the past is completely inevitable, with no other alternative; but people tend irresistibly to confuse it with the future. Laski's book, however, is of great value even apart from its thesis. It is the only book that covers the whole crisis of our times without being superficial. It contains the fairest balance sheet of the Russian revolution that has yet been offered. It describes both the economic and the psychological basis of fascism. It discusses the question whether freedom would continue to exist in a planned society, and reaches the reasonable conclusion that it would be a different kind of freedom. Laski is realistic in the sense of never expecting easy triumphs and often expecting defeats. The best feature of his book is a knowledge of history that leads him to find illuminating parallels in the past for almost everything that is happening today.

One criticism of his general direction—and I think it is pretty important—is that Laski hasn't thought in any systematic manner about the religious element in the revolution of our time. Like most liberals born in the 1890's, he regards himself as a thoroughgoing skeptic, even though his own work is full of what are essentially religious imperatives. I suppose he would define religion as something involving a belief in supernatural powers and a life beyond the grave in which we are rewarded for our virtues and punished for our sins. He is glad to report that this belief is disappearing. "The secularization of society," he says, "is a final achievement in the evolution of mankind. It will extend, and not diminish, its power." But he is forced to add, three pages farther on, that the religious sects of the seventeenth century have been reborn in the political sects of our own time and that "the secularization of social life has meant the increasing assumption by the state of the character of a church."

The truth is that any group of doctrines about the nature and purpose of human society tends to assume a religious character. Any organization formed to promote such doctrines tends to become a church. Today there is a communist church and a fascist church; there is even a Republican church that is consecrated to the worship of the profit motive. We are living in an era of religious wars, bloodier and more fanatical than those of the sixteenth century; almost every day is a St. Bartholomew's Eve. By devoting much attention but entirely too little thought to the religious element in the crisis, Laski gets himself involved in contradictions. For example, he says, at one point that fascism is simply the "rising of the underworld" and that the fascist leaders are mere outlaws like Al Capone and Dutch Schultz. At another point he says that fascism is "built upon the religious impulse—worship of, and utter surrender to, the leader is made into a cult comparable in its outward expression of intensity only to the fanaticism of the historic religions. Hitler, for instance, is the specially chosen of God;

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he is infallible; he is omniscient; he is the father of his people"—in a word, he is everything that Al Capone never hoped to become.

If Laski had gone farther in this direction, he might have found a new approach to a subject in which he is deeply interested—that is, the similarities and the differences between fascism and communism. Both are political religions, and that explains why they resemble each other in their organizational structure, their public meetings, their eagerness to gain proselytes and their fanaticism. But judged as religions, they belong to wholly different types. Communism is one of the faiths that spring from the great Judeo-Christian tradition. Its strongest appeals are to the Hebraic sense of justice and to the Christian sense of universal brotherhood. German fascism, on the other hand, rejects not only justice and universality but the whole ethical system that has developed during the six thousand years since the Egyptians invented the art of writing. It is a tribal religion that curiously resembles the faith of these early Semitic tribesmen who massacred their enemies in the name of Yahveh, their angry volcano-god.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Prometheus as Democrat

The Hero in History: A Study in Limitation and Possibility, by Sidney Hook. New York: The John Day Company. 273 pages. $2.50.

PRAGMATISTS have held that intelligence makes a difference in the career of the insurgent individual and in the history of the world. In general the defense of this thesis has been ambiguous and highly formal. If this book does not quite turn the corner which it marks, it does set up a provocative signpost: it thrusts the factor of power into pragmatic discussions of the intelligent, willful man.

For Hook's "hero" is very similar to Dewey's "intelligent individual" or "creative intelligence," with one difference: his choice of alternatives changes the course of history. Hence, underneath the discussion is the theory of history that "at any period there *are* realistic alternatives"; that "intelligence and sustained courage will win much more often than drift. . . ."

The cherished pragmatic thesis that intelligence makes a difference in history has entailed the belief that this intelligence is somehow linked with the operations of a liberal democracy. To prove that intelligence, will and character make a difference in the course of history, Hook embodies these traits in an individual hero. Yet a democracy, he holds, must not have heroes, except "heroes of thought," who, he believes, cannot possibly alter history. In order to resolve this issue the meaning of "hero" is strained: "Every man a hero!" The bearer of efficacious intelligence ceases to be "the hero," an individual man in a position of power, and becomes "us"—that undifferentiated vehicle of so many arguments for democracy.

Problems presented to democracy by the powerful individual are further side-stepped by speaking of "honor" rather than "power" for *democratic* heroes. The term "hero" is, incidentally, misleading, for Hook is concerned with powerful individuals: those whose decisions have significant consequences despite what others may decide. But

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historically, heroes and heroism are to be understood in terms of *honor*, generally charismatic in nature, rather than in terms of *power*. When heroes do have power, it is generally held on the basis of socially bestowed honor. Insufficient attention to the symbolic character of heroes obscures the fact that heroizing is a crucial element in such power as the hero may exercise.

Empirical answering of these questions would necessitate a careful study of hero-types. Instead, Hook offers a formal distinction—crucial to his argument—between the hero as "eventful man" and as "event-making man." An eventful man is one "whose actions influence subsequent developments along a quite different course than would have been followed if these actions had not taken place." An event-making man is an eventful man whose actions are consequences of his extraordinary "intelligence, will and character rather than accidents of position." As it is used in this book, the distinction is inadequate:

Many of the arguments for a "social determinism" which would state the mechanics of social structure as they influence eventful men are dismissed by the assertion that these are only "necessary" and not "sufficient" conditions. But this is largely a matter of the *breadth of focus* through which the eventful situation is scrutinized. Hook narrows the focus in order to see what he wants to see: the event-making man. When he pleads for this man, he often does so at the cost of neglecting social influences which, if properly grasped, would turn the "event-maker" into the "merely eventful."

A ground and a consequence of this are the lack of an adequately subtle conception of the power positions in social structures and political movements as these are linked to historic changes. Had types of leaders been examined psychologically and related to different power positions, such simple alternatives as "accidents of position" v. "personal traits" would have been subtilized; and the processes by virtue of which men may and do make pivotal decisions would have been seen in more decisive connection with the eventfulness of their roles. By definition, the powerful one involves the obedient many, unless in a small crowd the one with the will has the only machine gun. It is in the shifting reasons for their obedience as much as or more than in the "personal traits" of his power that we must seek explanation for pivotal situations of history.

A more empirical and subtle control of the focus and a less crude psychology of social structure dissolve the *qualitative* difference drawn between eventful and event-making men. As the argument now stands, the conditions of "heroic action" are mightily qualified; and much of the support for the event-making man rests upon these two soft spots which channel the flow of the neat, exact inferences.

Hook is a better informal logician than social historian: he is better at searching the assumptions and contradictions in other men's views of the hero than in finding out just what the role of the hero in history might be. This polemic frame of mind does not prevent his telling us a lot about the historic role of individuals, for logical analyses of other philosopher's discussions issue from his mind as provocative sociology. He has approached his problem from several standpoints: all of them interesting, some of them penetrating, most of them unfortunately formal.

C. WRIGHT MILLS

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What Man Has Made

Brothers Under the Skin, by Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 325 pages. $3.

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS we have seen Americans fighting one another in the shipyards of Mobile and in the streets of Newark and Los Angeles, Americans striking in Detroit and Brooklyn because they resented the presence of other Americans working beside them, Americans protesting that Americans in concentration camps were being "coddled," Americans insulting other Americans before the House Immigration Committee. In each instance the question of race was involved—the Americans under verbal or physical attack being also Negroes, Mexicans, Japanese and Chinese—and every skirmish was an Axis victory, militarily and ideologically.

Carey McWilliams' new book is indispensable to a full understanding of the history and present status of the problem of "colored minority peoples" in the United States. In a brilliant introductory chapter he points out the larger significance of racial discrimination in America, both as it damages our cause in South America, Africa and Asia and as it saps our strength within our borders. Unlike so many writers on the subject, he neglects neither the ethical nor the practical connotations of the problem; indeed, in his discussion of the Negro in the armed forces and defense work, he reveals that they are inextricably bound together.

McWilliams retells the by and large familiar story of white conquest and exploitation, with an eye for the significant details that stand as guideposts in the forests of facts and opinions he has marshaled. With a restraint that is remarkable in view of McWilliams' generous convictions, he summarizes the treatment of "The Non-Vanishing Indian" (with a well deserved tribute to John Collier), "The Long-Suffering Chinese" ("It is . . . almost incredible that we have a single friend in China today"), "The Forgotten Mexican," "Our Japanese Hostages," Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Filipinos, the Negroes (he sees that the Negro problem is "a national, not a sectional, problem").

Of particular value are several fresh emphases that McWilliams gives to this history. The contributions of the several minorities to American life remind us that our civilization is by no means the work of "Anglo" and European-Americans alone. He sees the colored minorities constantly within the larger framework of the history of nations and of the world. We have, he says, "not one, but two, American traditions: the generous, liberal and democratic tradition; and the narrow, bigoted and authoritarian tradition. The existence of the latter can be largely explained in terms of our long-standing neglect of colored minorities, particularly the Indian and the Negro."

Here McWilliams would be on safer ground if he argued simply that "white" America's treatment of colored minorities has given our authoritarian tradition its peculiar character, its special hypocrisy and nastiness. For narrow, bigoted authoritarianism has existed in the absence of a race problem. It has been motivated by national, by religious and, most powerfully, by economic and social cleavages.

In a final chapter, "Outline for Action," McWilliams adds to his excellent history of the problem a program necessary and realizable, for its solution. Historical developments, scientific advances that have destroyed the foundations of "racial" theories, and even the "metaphysics of this strange war" make it possible and imperative to act now. "To end this despotism of bigotry, an all-inclusive federal civil-rights statute should be adopted. It should, moreover, be termed, not a civil-rights statute, but a Fair Racial Practice Act. In method and procedure, it should follow the pattern of the National Labor Relations Act; and its enforcement should be delegated to a similar administrative agency."

In addition McWilliams would have the federal government intervene to wipe out residential segregation, the poll tax, discrimination in employment and in the trade unions, and to remove racism from our naturalization and immigration policies. In each instance McWilliams points out the procedures necessary for the enforcement of his program. With full recognition of the difficulties and dangers ahead, he yet maintains that "not one of these problems is insoluble." It will take, however, something like McWilliams' knowledge, courage and imagination to solve them.

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The Environment of Peril

The World of Sholom Aleichem, by Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 331 pages. $3.

BETWEEN THE SEVENTIES of the last century and the beginning of the First World War, Kasrilevke, Sholom Aleichem's mythical town in the Russian-Jewish Pale, was transformed entirely; the self-imposed separatism of centuries broke and the Kasrilevkites were washed out on a flood of new modes, new struggles, new terrors. The occasional squabbles over liturgical procedures were succeeded by clashes between rich and poor, the skull-cap fell to the derby, the scholar of yesterday became the entrepreneur, the city man, the revolutionist of today; the sacred yielded slowly to the secular. Old Kasrilevke dissolved.

Its great chronicler, Sholom Aleichem, was himself a Kasriel (the rough equivalent to a Kasriel, Mr. Samuel tells us, is the Irish "Paddy without a shirt"), the archetype of the rural Jew with small means and large spiritual perspectives. He had, before he became a writer, a dozen profitless vocations; he was a student, a tutor, a crown-

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rabbi, a speculator, a business man. Like his own Menachem Mendel, the *Luftmensch*, the maker of staggering plans, the seedy promoter with his patched clothes and his whangee, he remained forever unsuccessful and forever poor. The poor—Tevyeh the philosopher-dairyman, Berel the Red who supported eight children by the illegal manufacture of sacramental wine, the little tailors and shoemakers, sellers of pins and prayer shawls, veterans of thousands of indignities, of breakfastless mornings and supperless nights—these and the true men of God, who were also necessarily poor, were his heroes. Through them we see Kasrilevke, its piety, its medievalism, its cerebral humor and its culture.

Poverty, though no one could be said to enjoy it, nevertheless had its particular virtue. There was still in Kasrilevke an impulse from the eighteenth-century Chassidic revolution whose leader, Baal Shem Tov, the Master of the Good Name, preached a doctrine of pantheism, ecstatic life, the superiority of feeling to reason, the nearness of God and the preciousness of the poor to Him. Later, after the disappearance of the evangelists, Chassidism degenerated; it became bookish and theocratic. But the luckless Jew, the schlemiel, "the man born with a wooden spoon in his mouth," enjoyed a special intimacy with God no one was able to deny him.

If God can hear your praises He can also hear your complaints. Tevyeh, while he says his prayers, adds his own wry comments on His justice: "Send us a healing, O Lord, for our sickness (we managed to get the sickness without Your help, thank You . . .)." The Saint of Shpolle and nine judges brought God to trial and found Him guilty of having left the Jews defenseless against the spirit of evil. Another famous Chassid, after listening to the confessions of sins on the Day of Atonement, cried: "Now it is His turn. Let Him confess His sins." To the Protestant Misnagdim this was arrogance and heresy. The Chassidim, God's wards, thought it both natural and reasonable.

But while the Jew might sometimes protest to God, he expected little. He was in exile, in an environment of peril. Today Ivan was peaceful but, poor driven goy, what would he do tomorrow? And who knew when a new Mazzepa or Chmelnitski might arise? And if the government changed from Alexander to Nikolai or from Nikolai to Alexander, what would happen? Life was precarious and flavored with danger. "Next week," said the Kasrilevkite, "if I am alive and well, I will do thus and so." There was always a condition. But next to nothing was better than nothing at all. Mr. Samuel makes this one point exceedingly clear. The teacher Yerechmiel Moses, who was very nearly blind, wore spectacles without lenses. "Asked why, he would answer triumphantly: 'Well, it's better than nothing, isn't it?'" And old Reb Yosifel who was slapped by a rich man whom he had angered with his request for a contribution to the old people's home said, after he had recovered his skull-cap and set it back on his head: "That was for me, now what will you give for the old people's home?" In the great exotic world of threats and force, the Kasriel had small hope of success and good fortune. "When does a poor man rejoice?" he asked ironically. "When he loses something and finds it again."

Bloom the Westerner dreamed of *Agendath Netaim* and its oranges but led the life of a Dubliner. The rural Eastern Jew guided himself by tradition and held himself apart. He knew little about his neighbors or about the nature that surrounded him. His outward signature was the scroll, the goat, the fiddle, the caftan, the ghetto street. Within the environment of peril, transcending it, he made another environment and he was willing to pay a stiff price for his values. He had his share of vulgarity, bigotry and neuroticism, he might frequently say to God: "What a mean lot

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You have chosen (for Your own devious reasons) to be Your people," but he did not abandon those values.

His descendants have made a different choice. The adage, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," might in this case be rephrased, "Give a dog a bad name and he forms a low opinion of himself." Unlike his grandchildren, the Kasrilevkite was fortified against such opinions. He made a place in his life for what he regarded as truly human activities.

The tendency of American culture is to level all ethnic differences while barring members of different groups from full participation in the life of the American world. It is another kind of imperialism that demands surrender and offers little in return. The Jews, humanly and perhaps inevitably, have like all the others accepted these terms. But, rushing to embrace the new American values, such as they are, they have been repulsed.

Mr. Samuel touches on this point but he does not make enough of it. Nor does he—and this is a more disappointing omission—tell us much about Sholom Aleichem himself. He does, however, tell us a great deal about his world. It is painfully difficult to forget, in reading about it, that its European heirs are rapidly being killed off and that they are everywhere else in danger.

The environment of danger is still with us. From accepting a life of contingency a whole people has been reduced to begging its existence of a civilization of which one-half is intent on wiping it out and of which the other half, for all its declarations and conferences at Evian and Bermuda, has thus far answered only with firm promises of nothing.

SAUL BELLOW

Without Heroics

Combined Operations: The Official Story of the Commandos. New York: The Macmillan Company. 155 pages. $2.

EVERY WAR has to have its Lancelots; otherwise the institution might become intolerable even for people who hold their liberties dear. In the first edition of the present conflict the knights rode through clouds behind gasoline motors, but an essential quality of the chevalier is his rarity, and almost anyone can fly these days. This has resulted in the peculiar military canonization of the happy warrior being transferred in Naziland to the paratroopers, in Russia to the guerrillas and among the nations of the West to the commandos. One might even see the failure of the Italian war effort in the fact that it has failed to produce institutional heroes.

The comparison with knighthood in the case of the commandos is not forced. This official report on their operations makes it clear that they must go through a course of training as rigorous and live by vows as ascetic as those of any order of chivalry. And for what? So that after several months of hard work and training which involves genuine physical danger, they may take part in an hour or two of some desperate operation like that of Dieppe, when two out of three did not come back, or that at St. Nazaire, from which hardly any returned.

The most striking thing about the accounts of these and other actions detailed here is their frankness about how poor one's chances are of surviving such an enterprise. It is not a complete surprise to find an official report confessing that these losses are the rule rather than the exception, for "official" implies access to all the facts. But it is at least unusual to see officialdom permitting such facts to become private property while the war is still in progress; that is, while there is still presumably some question of recruiting men to the ranks of these professional desperadoes.

To Mr. Hilary St. George Saunders, the voice behind the official mask, we probably owe a debt for this as well as for his presentation, which is throughout unaffected, without heroics or overemphasis, and with a wealth of that anecdotal material which does so much to bring any military narrative to life. The interesting point is that the British officials could be convinced of the value of such frankness. They must be a different breed from our own; or maybe the book is not quite so frank as it looks, or maybe it has been written on the "Fisher principle" of telling with the most engaging candor everything that does not really matter.

"Combined Operations" does not mention a single commando raid which has not already been reported in the press. This may mean there were no others, but it may equally mean that details are being withheld about those other, minor raids of half a dozen men aboard a submarine which have furnished such an addition to legend. Also, it is true that the Germans had advance warning of the descent on Dieppe, and what was the mysterious "information" for which so many lives were sacrificed there. This is not told, but it is particularly appropriate that at a time when the invasion of the Continent is being discussed, there should appear this record with its revelation of how formidable a business it is to set fighting forces on a hostile shore, even when the operation is on a small scale.

FLETCHER PRATT

Contributors

VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF, who was military attaché at the Imperial Russian Embassy at Tokyo, is the author, among other books, of "Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East" and "Eyes on Japan."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS, author of "Factories in the Field" and "Ill Fares the Land," was California Commissioner of Immigration and Housing until a Republican Governor was elected. His latest book, "Brothers Under the Skin," was published in April by Little, Brown and Company and is reviewed in this issue.

VICTOR H. JOHNSON is a machinist at a big shipyard in the neighborhood of New York City. He is an active member of a CIO union.

ROBERT EDMOND JONES, the distinguished stage designer, is the author of "Drawings for the Theatre" and "The Dramatic Imagination."

C. WRIGHT MILLS is an associate professor of Sociology at the University of Maryland.

SAUL BELLOW has contributed stories to Partisan Review and other publications and is completing a novel. He is now living in New York City.

FLETCHER PRATT, the well known writer and commentator on naval and military affairs, is the author, among other books, of "Sea Power and Today's War" and "America and Total War."

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